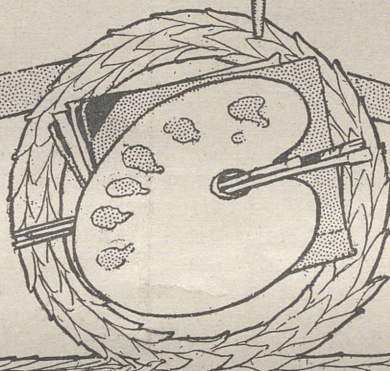


Graphic



VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., May 23, 1908. No. 25

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Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—IV

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

I shall never forget the first time Johnson drew his pay as Brigadier-General and the time he had to get it. When the paymaster entered the office I said to myself: "I have seen that face before," and all of a sudden it flashed upon me that I had heard the voice and seen the man before me now clad in Federal uniform play "Nick of the Woods" and the "Idiot Witness," and other real old blood-and-thunder, stem-winding curdlers during that time in my life when I preferred "Jack Sheppard" and "The Willow Copse" to the "School For Scandal" and the "Hunchback." And I was not mistaken; for the paymaster was none other than Mr. William M. Fleming, the "Jibbenainosay" of the old National theater of Boston, in 1854. Neither the Governor, Browning nor I had ever seen a pay account before, and so Major Fleming explained to Johnson all about his pay order, commutation for fuel, quarters, allowance for three horses, etc. The dialogue between the paymaster and Johnson lasted at least half an hour, and concluded about as follows:

"But, Major, I haven't purchased any coal; there's at least a hundred tons right under where you are standing, and it is all mine, or as much of it as I want to use. I have the best of quarters across the way that I have confiscated, so to speak, and

my only expense is for gas. There are seven or eight horses in the stable that have been captured, that I have never seen, and that are claimed by my young men here—alluding to Browning and myself—and which cost us nothing to keep—"

"Yes, but you don't seem to understand, Governor, that you are allowed a certain amount of money in your pay accounts for all these things; that is, you are allowed a certain amount of money for quarters, fuel, feed for horses, etc.; but if you get any of these things, or all of them, for nothing, so much the better for you. You are just so much in—don't you see? You are not only entitled to it, but you must receive it and sign for it."

"Well, major, you are very plausible in your explanations; but all hell can't convince me that I should sign for and accept money for fuel and house-rent and horse-feed that I haven't spent money for, and which I get for nothing; and I'm just simply d—d if I'll do it."

And he never did, and Fleming counted out his brigadier's pay to him, minus commutation allowances, and retired from his presence a highly disgusted and badly demoralized ex-tragedian. Some years afterwards I met Major Fleming, and he said: "Well, the radicals may say what they please about old Andy, but there's one thing

certain, he's thoroughly game and dead on the square."

During the months of February and March, 1866, I was in Texas on reconstruction business, and while in Houston I was called upon by a brother of the President. He didn't appear quite like a man that was "on top," and seemed much inferior to his brother. Still, I said: "Why don't you ask the President for some good thing?" And he replied: "Well, I did, and he sent me \$1,000, and told me to be frugal, and that when that was gone to let him know and he would send me more. I wrote him and thanked him and told him I wanted an office, but he replied by saying that he was opposed to appointing relatives to office. He was always high-spirited. Our family was about the poorest of the poor people of the South. Niggers was better'n us, except that we was white. Did my brother ever tell you about his running away from North Carolina? He got into some scrape, and one night, while an apprentice, bundled up the little he had and made for South Carolina. Here he remained for some time, getting journeyman's wages and studying. Just before we started for Tennessee he returned and paid his old master for the time yet remaining of his

(Continued on Page 4)

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Matters of Moment

Calling Their Loans.

When, some two or three weeks ago, Mr. Alfred Holman, the editor of the San Francisco "Argonaut," published an appeal to the San Francisco savings bankers to refrain from calling their Los Angeles loans as far as possible, we expected to hear of some disposition on the part of these bankers to think of renewing such mortgages as are maturing. We knew that anything Mr. Holman wrote would be read by the bankers, for we know that the "Argonaut" is more closely read by the moneyed class of San Francisco than any daily newspaper of that place, except, perhaps, the "Chronicle."

Mr. Holman's article urged the renewal of these obligations solely on the ground of business expediency. He said—and truthfully—that it would be bad policy on the part of San Francisco bankers to call this money, because the act of calling the loans would still further reduce the steadily diminishing business relationships between the cities. He pointed out that San Francisco should maintain these connections, even at the trouble of finding the money elsewhere.

To date Mr. Holman's article has fallen on deaf ears. We have yet to hear of a single instance where a mortgage held by a San Francisco savings bank has been renewed. These bankers want the money; the most insistent of them all is probably the German Savings and Loan Society, the second largest savings bank in the West. We do not believe that the officers of the German Savings and Loan can point out a single instance where the bank has lost a dollar through loans in this city. Its mortgages are all on gilt-edged inside property—income property that gives an absolute guarantee for the payment of the interest, and the eventual payment of the loan itself. That makes no difference, however; the money must be forthcoming, and up to date it has been paid as due.

According to the best estimates there is about \$10,000,000 of San Francisco money invested in Los Angeles mortgages. To place this amount elsewhere will require

some time—but this is a problem that can be solved in due season; it is being solved all the time now. When this readjustment has been accomplished, Los Angeles will be just so much better off in being as financially free from San Francisco as the city is now commercially free. The readjustment may cause temporary inconveniences, even sacrifices, but after all is said and done we are better situated without entangling alliances with San Francisco. The mercantile classes know that already; the borrowing class is learning it, through troublesome experience; and nearly everybody who lives south of Tehachepi has long since decided that politically it would be better off if the State were divided.

Advertising Fungi.

The campaign against obnoxious outdoor advertising—and it is all obnoxious—should be waged without respite. If the billboard men and their patrons have their way, every boulevard and line of beauty in Southern California in time will be defaced. The nuisance is already intolerable, but the energies of the outdoor advertisers may be only in their infancy. A few years hence, unless drastic measures of interference are taken, all the "good roads" to which public interest and money are being directed will be "avenged" by the atrocities of the billboarders. The beauties of the boulevard to Pasadena are being despoiled by varicolored eyesores, and each side of every line from Los Angeles to the sea will reveal to the passenger's disappointed vision moving pictures, as it were, of bargains and patent medicines. The charms of the surrounding country will be hidden from the view of the expectant tourist. The homeseeker, instead of being permitted to use his own eyes upon a possible site for pitching his tent, will find his vision obstructed by the real estate agent's painted opinion of its advantages. Indeed, if the present rage for outdoor advertising is given any more rein, what is to prevent the billboard men from fencing in the ocean itself and obliterating the horizon, possibly permitting

sufficient space below the advertisements for men, women and children to step into the water?

If the City Council and the Board of Supervisors find it impossible to exterminate this gross public nuisance by legislation, such a stiff tax may be imposed legally as to curtail the prevalence and discourage the increase of these abominations. Every billboard in city or country should be taxed by the square foot. The view belongs to the people, and the unhampered beauties of this Land of Sunshine form a priceless heritage for every taxpayer. If the natural beauties of land and sea are to be despoiled by these vandals, the intruders should be made to pay the stiffest price for their vandalism.

In many parts of the country the movement to prohibit billboards entirely is gaining strength. There is certainly no section of the country which should support such a movement with more energy and enthusiasm than Southern California.

In the meanwhile the Outdoor Art League and every organization that realizes the value and importance of preserving Southern California's reputation as a land of beauty should do their utmost to discourage and prevent this growth of advertising fungi. General notice served upon such advertisers that their establishments will not be patronized as long as they continue to block and mutilate the landscape would soon prove a deterrent influence.

Temperance Beverages.

There is a new line of industry and a virgin field of agitation which the temperance advocates may explore with advantage. The results of analysis made by the government demonstrates that an extraordinary amount of alcohol is contained in popular teetotal beverages. Under the internal revenue regulations, drinks containing more than two per cent. of alcohol are taxable as intoxicants. Of 4147 temperance beverages analyzed by the government no less than 3098 exceeded the two per cent. limit. In most cases the excess was slight, but in some

samples as much as eight per cent. of alcohol was found, while in a few there was even nine and ten per cent. "Dandelion Beer" was found to contain 12.3 per cent., and in various decoctions of prohibition beer there was more alcohol than in the ordinary products of Milwaukee.

In the eyes of the prohibitionists it is a shameful sin to drink a glass of beer or whisky, honestly and unmistakably labeled, but it is fit and proper to quaff any of the 3098 temperance beverages which are not what they seem. Within the writer's own observation there was a well known and extreme prohibitionist who never ate meat without covering it with a pungent sauce, analysis of which shows that it contains over five per cent. of alcohol. It is not fair to presume that prohibitionists are wilful hypocrites in this regard, but it is obvious that they constantly deceive themselves. When stimulation may be realized by sauces, patent medicines, extracts, and even by avowedly temperance beverages, the prohibitionists have wide opportunities for gratifying their taste without using the demoniac "rum."

Earnest temperance advocates will recognize the vital importance of cleansing their own temples before they presume to overthrow their neighbors' houses. They should institute a vigorous crusade against those masquerading temperance drinks, these intoxicating non-intoxicants. It is the duty

of the total abstainers to take every precaution against absorbing alcohol unconsciously, an even more deleterious practice than taking a glass of beer of one's own free will. It is also their duty to expose all pretenders in their ranks, men who would prefer a ticket to Hades to being found in a saloon, but who derive even more stimulation from so-called temperance beverages than they could from the more or less frank alcohol of commerce.

Patriotism and Finance.

Modern warfare depends mainly on money. The country with the longest purse eventually has the most invincible armament. With bankrupt resources it is impossible to prolong a campaign. If it had not been for Japan's depleted treasury she would never have yielded so readily to Russia's terms for peace three years ago. After the Russian-Japanese war, many Americans, whose sympathies were still with the Japanese, subscribed eagerly to the Japanese loans.

Japan is now endeavoring to float a loan of 300,000,000 yen—approximately \$150,000,000. That money is chiefly needed to bring her navy to as near an equal footing with that of the United States as possible. Japan's present tonnage of warships is estimated at 451,320, while that of the United States is 771,758.

Last week Japanese financiers were in New York on their way to London. It has

been reported from Washington that the Japanese financiers were in negotiation with E. H. Harriman, Jacob R. Schiff, August Belmont and others for the formation of an American syndicate to take over the entire loan or a large part of it. Mr. Harriman, it is said, visited the Japanese financiers in Washington and returned to New York with them. It is explained that Harriman's large Oriental interests prompted him to interest himself and his financial friends in the Japanese loan.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Harriman can deny these rumors. It is inconceivable with the present outlook that American money should be found to build Japanese battleships. The United States has recently made a "demonstration" mainly for the benefit of Japan. When the Atlantic fleet left Hampton Roads there was not a man on board from Admiral Evans to the humblest stoker who did not believe that the danger of a "fight" was as great as the hope of a "frolic."

Mr. Harriman's railroad enterprises in Japan may do much to cement a friendly feeling towards the United States, but it cannot avert the possibility of trouble. That there is danger of conflict with Japan within the next ten years is known to every schoolboy.

Is it possible that Mr. Harriman and his colleagues are willing to sacrifice national interests to their own financial benefit?

Enoch Knight, Philosopher and Friend

By R. H. H. C.

One of the noblest characters it has ever been my fortune to know has passed away in the person of Enoch Knight. To meet him was to honor him; to know him was to love him. Many, even of his intimates, looked up to him with almost filial reverence, for he was both wise and kind. The most modest of men, he never sought the high places and he spurned publicity. His habit was that of the student and philosopher, and his measure of men and events was invariably just and keen.

Probably no citizen of Los Angeles was more familiar with the history and problems of his country than Enoch Knight, and none had studied with deeper attention, and weighed with riper judgment, not only national questions but world politics. Usually he gave his views reluctantly. Despite his authority, which was seldom questioned, he never waxed didactic but was always tolerant of the opinion of others.

Cast in massive mould, mentally as well as physically, he hated mean things and stood

for the highest ideals. Of a naturally critical temperament he cultivated the saving clause of charity. He was slow to denounce men, and always urged the benefit of the doubt.

Those who did not know him well thought him ponderous and some mistook the dignity of his mien for pomposity. But there never lived a man who could unbend—and loved to do so—more readily than Judge Knight. He sought to make life easier, smoother, lighter, by his presence, and his friendship accordingly was a benediction. His greeting was ever cheery and his counsel uplifting. He knew the help and value of light-heartedness and laughter, and his own dry wit—penetrating and even caustic but never unkind—illuminated dark places and problems.

Since his retirement from active affairs, some ten years ago, Judge Knight devoted most of his time to books and philosophy. He was an omnivorous reader, and his taste and judgment well qualified him for the po-

sition of literary critic, which, indeed, for some years he filled most ably on the "Herald." On other subjects he wrote frequently, sometimes for his own recreation and sometimes for publication. He was an occasional contributor to the "Atlantic" and other magazines. Occasionally, also, he was one of the most valued of the "Graphic's" contributors.

Enoch Knight had occupied positions of public responsibility, and probably nothing but his own aversion to assert himself prevented him from attaining posts of eminence. He was the close personal friend of such men as James G. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed, and his advice was sought, his judgment heeded, by many in authority.

Enoch Knight stood like a rock for the right. A pillar of integrity, but with the broadest of sympathies, his counsel and example were his best gifts to his friends. Gentleman, scholar and philosopher, kind and wise, his memory will always be cherished by those who knew and honored him.

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson - IV

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

apprenticeship. Andy was then 18, and the oldest of three children. There were four of us in all, and Andy was the only one who could read, and he couldn't read very well. We went over the mountains in the worst kind of a wagon, which we lived in after we had settled near Greenville, until Andy had built a log cabin. This only had one room, which served as a house for mother and us three boys and Andy's tailor shop. I'll never forget that chimney. It fell down about a dozen times in one year.

"Andy was under twenty when he married Eliza McArdle, who was the daughter of a shoemaker. But she had received a good village education, and taught Andy to write and cipher. She would also read to him while he worked. She was a very pretty young woman, as I remember her. Andy became a great favorite, and could make good speeches. The people all liked him, because he was honest and sincere. So they elected him to a good many offices, but he kept up his tailor business for eigh-

teen years, and made many of his own clothes after he went to congress. He was in love twice before he married. I must tell you. He proposed to a girl in North Carolina who wouldn't have him, so he left the state that held her. While in South Carolina he fell in love with the daughter of a planter, and the love was reciprocated. But when Andy went to the father to ask his permission he was informed that no common tailor could have his daughter. Andy realized the situation, and felt that the Carolinas were

too small and too illiberal, and so returned to his old home and proposed that we either go to East Tennessee or Northern Alabama.

"I remember a fight Andy once had with John H. Steele in his tailor shop. They hit and kicked away at each other and rolled all over the room until we separated them, Andy managing to give me a black eye. The whole row was over a suit of clothes that my brother had made for Steele, who claimed that it didn't fit. Steele left East Tennessee in 1833 or 1834 for Missouri, and I have never heard of him since. If he is living he can tell some good stories of Boone's Creek, Kit Bullard's mill, my brother's tailor-shop, and all about Brownlow, who was a carpenter by trade, but such a mighty poor carpenter that he had to take up preaching for a living instead."

When I returned to Washington, I informed the President that I had met his brother in Texas, and he said: "Yes; he is here now on a visit. He wants an office of some kind; prefers to be a United States

marshal down in Texas—that isn't much; better give it to him, hadn't I?"

Among other things said against Johnson was that he did not care for his wife—that he was not at all domestic.

He did not have his wife with him in Nashville, because she was safer and more quietly off with her two daughters in East Tennessee during the progress of the war. But as soon as he became a dweller in the White House he sent for Mrs. Johnson, who remained there until the end of her husband's administration. As a matter of fact, Johnson always boasted that, to a great extent, his wife had made him. She was the sort of woman one used to find in the old New England families. She was refined far above many who outshone her. Her temper was absolutely sweet and even, but she did not like society, and it was her own wish that she was not mistress of the White House. I got to know Mrs. Johnson well, and I know Johnson loved her company

above that of any one else. While she rejoiced at his success, I think she would have been happier if it had been in other directions. She knew his temperament and knew that he was sensitive, and for that reason, perhaps, she would have preferred to have seen him out of politics. Johnson had great pride in his family, and when he saw his two daughters (Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover) at the head of the White House, he seemed to have reached the pinnacle of domestic happiness. I never saw a husband regard his wife with more tender solicitude than did Johnson. There was a quiet and better side to him of which the world knew nothing. It came when the cares of the day were over and the blinds had been drawn and he was with his wife and other members of his family. He never believed in parading such things, and his wife, of course, could not do it, for her temperament was antagonistic to everything of the sort.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

By the Way

River Bed.

The city council is still fiddling around with the application of the "Los Angeles Harbor Railway Company" for a franchise in the river bed. The only feature of this week's developments is a guarded article in the "Express" favoring the application of the company, but not in any too direct terms. The sooner this thing is buried, the better for all concerned. There is no tearing need of leasing or diverting that river bed for the personal gain of any set of private capitalists. And the chances are very good that if the council barter away the property of the people for a lot of specious promises, the people will be heard from in an exceedingly emphatic way. It is loaded, gentlemen. And not loaded with dust shot, either, but with buckshot.

War on Perkins.

George C. Perkins will be seventy years of age next year. Next January he will be a candidate once more for the United States Senate. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League has determined to defeat Perkins if possible, but the Leaguers will not be alone in this endeavor. Perkins's successful maintenance of his seat in the Senate all these years is one of the many mysteries of California politics. Five years ago the hostility against Perkins, particularly in Southern California, was pronounced. Perkins, in the face of the practically unanimous wishes of his constituents, insisted on supporting the administration measure for the reduction of the tariff on citrus fruits. Urgent messages kept the wires warm to Washington insisting that Perkins protect one of California's chief industries, but the Senator's replies were neither yea nor nay. It was one of the President's pet measures, and in those days it seemed to be to Perkins's interests to stand in the Rooseveltian favor. A hope was still lingering in the Perkins breast that his services would be rewarded and that he might adorn a cabinet position—the secretaryship of the navy preferred. Accordingly Senator Perkins ignored the interests and demands of his constituents, was fully conscious of his own interests, and voted for the

administration measure. Perkins's offense was the more flagrant in that the same Legislature which had been induced to re-elect him Senator had adopted resolutions pledging the State's representatives in Congress to vote against the reduction. There is not the smallest doubt that if Perkins's vote could have been foreseen he would have lost the senatorship. But his political manager, George Hatton, was quite confident his chief would be "right" on this question and so assured the doubtful. That episode in Senator Perkins's acrobatic career possibly might have been forgotten by this time, but, curiously enough, recent events tend to refresh the memory. It would be difficult to find a Californian, Republican, Democrat or mugwump, who is not heartily in favor of increasing the nation's naval strength with all possible speed. California, to a man, was with the President in his demand upon Congress for an appropriation for four battleships to be built within the next twelve months, instead of two. Perkins promptly ranged himself among the "reactionaries," and with a feeble apology, that he feared the battleships might be "obsolete" before they were launched, voted against the President's demand and the country's desire. By this time Perkins no longer cared whether he was persona grata at the White House or not. Mr. Roosevelt's opportunity to recognize the Perkins statesmanlike qualities was drawing to a close. But Senator Perkins will have to reckon with a fairly indignant constituency next January. On this occasion he was indiscreet enough to record a critical vote against the interests and desires of California in the face of a senatorial contest instead of on its heels. It would appear that George C. Perkins, adroit politician and expert trimmer as he is, has about come to the end of his rope. Even a dozen George Hattons should not be able to save him.

Fortifications and Battleships.

Senator Perkins's position on the naval appropriation is the more inexcusable in that he is a recognized authority on the needs of Pacific Coast defense. In the cur-

rent number of "The National Geographic Magazine" he argues eloquently that the Hawaiian Islands, potentially, are of the same strategic value to the United States as Malta and Gibraltar to Great Britain. The Islands, if adequately fortified as a naval base, would secure to the United States the key to the Pacific and the Panama Canal. Hawaii, says Senator Perkins, should be the strongest fortress in the Pacific, and he is heartily in favor of immediately spending \$1,000,000 for the fortification of Pearl Harbor, as urged in a Presidential message. In dealing with the country's future marine trade, the Senator says: "That there may be a guaranty that this commerce shall endure and increase in volume, the United States must be at least the equal in naval power of any nation using those waters for the transportation of goods." Senator Perkins, like every authority on naval warfare, knows that battleships are the best fortifications. Until next January he should be kept busy explaining his opposition to the President's naval policy.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Not a Good Record.

The present council will go on record as having passed more ordinances and enforced fewer than any of its predecessors. The dearest of all, and the one that should be the most strictly enforced, is that forbidding persons holding conversation with motormen; for not an hour passes that this ordinance is not broken, and in a majority of cases by policemen, who often ride long distances on fronts of cars and converse with motormen all the while. Another ordinance that is a dead letter is the one supposed to prevent expectoration. Why, there is more spitting in one block on both sides of Main street, between First and Second streets, than in any twenty blocks in San Diego or San Francisco, or any

thirty blocks in Boston or New York, or any forty in Paris or Vienna.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Continental B. & L.

The Continental Building & Loan Association of San Francisco is good for an annual sensation for the daily newspapers. Reputed to be the largest association of the sort in California, the frequency with which officers of the association have figured in criminal cases is sufficient warrant for the assertion that the affairs of this Association need the official probe, and maybe a lance. Criminal cases involving the association's representatives figured in the local courts some three or four years ago. Then William Corbin, the secretary of the concern, figured as the virtuous exposé of four boodling state senators. Now, charges are brought against George Tichenor, who has been representing the Continental in this field.

Tichenor.

Tichenor is known to Californians as the detective who did the work that brought about the senatorial exposure. At that time he was one of the Pinkerton's. His reputation has been that of a straight and square man. He asserts, I am told, that he paid himself for his services, with the funds of the Continental in Los Angeles and that being true the Continental will have its hands full in pressing the charges.

Who?

I am not advised as to who is the real head of the Continental. Dr. Washington Dodge, as white a man as ever lived, is president; but from his other duties—he is assessor of San Francisco—and from the attention that he gives to his practice I fancy that he is not actively in control. If the man in charge is William Corbin, I take the liberty of offering him this suggestion—that the public is apt to have a diminishing

confidence in any institution about which there has been as much smoke as about the Continental in recent years. The fewer criminal proceedings brought against employees, and the less the Association mixes up in such affairs as the senatorial bribery scandal, the better the investing public will feel about it.

Police Testimony.

It is indeed a bad state of affairs when discredit can be thrown on the value of police testimony as was done in the trial of McComas, which has been attracting the attention of a large part of the community this week. When police officers will go on the stand and deliberately testify that some things were to be brought out at the trial and other things smothered, a jury is apt to disregard all the evidence that comes from police sources. At any rate the local police authorities appear to have disregarded one cardinal point—they are not necessarily in a combine to secure the conviction of all persons accused of crime. The function of a police department is not only to prevent crime, but to see that justice is done to persons accused. Justice does not necessarily mean conviction. There are occasions when justice implies acquittal. I am not offering these remarks to say that McComas is either guilty or innocent; I have my own opinion on that point. What I want to emphasize is that police evidence should have a definite value in all cases, but its value in any case whatever is jeopardized by the revelation that evidence has been agreed upon in advance. At the time that the Choissers were killed in the Broxburn lodging house, I had my confidence in the police department and what it will swear to, most severely shaken. And there are many others of my way of thinking.

Fred Belasco.

Frederick Belasco is here from San Francisco to see the run of "The Girl of the Golden West." The Belasco will shortly place on the boards one of its greatest successes, "Old Heidelberg," and there will be another run.

Field.

"Ned" Field, son of E. S. Field, who has been contributing to eastern publications like the "Saturday Evening Post," and whose literary work has that "tang" which distinguishes the first flight of writers from the ranks of the mediocre, has written a comedy which is being read by a local theatrical manager with a view to production. If "Ned" Field has thrown into this play the sharpness and crispness which marks his literary work, the play will be a big success. Of all the writers who have gone out of Los Angeles I know of none with a brighter future than "Ned" Field. He has compelled attention, and I hope that his entrance into the field of play-writing will be as successful as his other literary work has been.

Bible in the Schools.

It would seem from the reports telegraphed from the Congress of Episcopal ministers in Philadelphia that, entirely aside from the sectarian question, the general elimination of the bible from the public schools of the United States was not too soon; for, lo! this Congress of eminent Episcopal ministers pronounces against the bible as "holy writ;" and three or four members declare that the two testaments are full of inaccuracies, while many admitted that the Old Testament was full of fiction, and very poor fiction at that; and to cap the climax, one delegate stated that in his opinion, Moses had "borrowed" his laws from nations a thousand or more years older than his own. Bear in mind that these views are those of churchmen, and not of scientific persons.

The Bully and the Superintendent.

I very much regret to hear—and from an authoritative source—that Superintendent of Schools, E. C. Moore, intends to resign his position as soon as the school trustees can discover a successor. Dr. Moore argues that his own usefulness is impaired, and the welfare of the schools necessarily affected, by the bitter and unfair war that the "Town Bully," alias the "Times," has waged against him. From a personal point of view there is every inducement for Dr. Moore to seek pastures new. He left the University of California to the universal regret of the faculty, and President Wheeler would welcome his return. To a man of Dr. Moore's ripe scholarship and recognized ability there are numerous opportunities more inviting than his present position. Why stand the gaff of constant abuse and misrepresentation in a community which the "Town Bully" has so terrorized that there are few who dare or care to face his poisoned arrows shot from ambush? On the other hand, why give the "Town Bully" the gloating satisfaction of boasting that Dr. Moore is another of his victims whom he has "driven out of town?" Is it not a fight worth while to sit tight and refuse to be shanghaied at the order of Otis? Backed by a strong school board, which happily exists at present, Superintendent Moore eventually can put his traducer to rout and silence his mud batteries. Discipline and loyalty may for the time being be injured by the "Times's" cowardly attacks upon the superintendent, but no teacher, worth his or her salt, will be a willing accomplice to Otis's conspiracy. It will be a cause for universal regret—outside the "Times"

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office—if Dr. Moore makes his intention to resign unalterable.

Getting the Straight of It.

I have been as yet unable to get the straight of the Democratic State Convention. One side says that Theodore Bell has made the mistake of his life in pursuing the policy he did at Fresno. I am told with equal vehemence that Mr. Bell has developed into the real simon pure Moses of the California Democracy. The truth will eventually come out. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Bell's acquaintance; neither do I take seriously the accounts that the "Times" published about the proceedings of that convention. What has actually occurred will develop in due time.

The Outlook.

The best summary of the State Convention was made by "Ned" Hamilton of the "Examiner," who wrote "In the end, there was the same old result. In betting, 'the gambler wins, the farmer loses.' In politics, the professional skims the milk, while the amateur makes the noise." But the Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers are learning the practical game of politics very rapidly. The League's chances next August are not to be denied, and it is "in the cards" that for the first time in many years the railroad "machine" may not control the next Legislature. Walter Parker has the fight of his life ahead of him, and he knows it.

The Point of View.

The morning after the Republican State Convention at Sacramento the San Francisco "Chronicle" plumed its feathers with the remark that "the election of George Knight as chairman should be evidence to our readers that the 'Chronicle' is a newspaper." Strange that such peculiar evidence should have been deemed necessary. By a similar line of argument the "Times" might have remarked "the defeat of General Otis for delegate-at-large by one vote should be evidence to our readers that the 'Times' is not a newspaper."

Otis's Defeat.

General Otis, of course, was not defeated by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League alone, although at last Lee C. Gates had the satisfaction of "getting back" at "the General" for his desertion of him in the last mayoralty fight. The Labor Unionists joined ranks with the Leaguers and managed to sufficiently intimidate "regular" delegates from San Francisco and elsewhere so that they got into line against Otis. Walking delegates, among whom was conspicuous "Red" Fennessy, were busy distributing the following card: "180,654 workingmen in California protest against the selection of Harrison Gray Otis as delegate-at-large." Moreover, strong personal dislike was also a powerful factor. On the other hand "Uncle Jake" Neff, lieutenant-governor in Gage's administration, who defeated Otis by one vote, is one of the most popular men in the State. No stone was left unturned in the endeavor to land Otis. On the day of the convention an urgent message was sent by W. J. Hunsaker, who occupies the difficult position of being both a prominent officer of the League and General Otis's attorney, recording his own vote for "the General" and beseeching other League leaders to

withdraw their opposition. But Meyer Lissner and his followers had a few old scores to settle with the "Times," and Mr. Hunsaker's message was of no avail. General Otis will be wise if he never again permits his name to go before a political convention. His ambition for power and to "down" his enemies has brought him to strange corners. If some one had told him ten, or even five, years ago he would live to see himself labeled an "exponent of Herrin and the gang," a "wheel in the Espee machine" and other choice epithets, he would have collapsed in apoplectic fury.

Without Representation.

It was also a foolhardy proposition on the part of Southern California Republicans to center on General Otis. The consequence is that Southern California has no representative among the four delegates-at-large bound for the Chicago convention. Judge McKinley, or any one of half a dozen other Republicans from south of the Tehachapi, could have won the honor "hands down." As it was, they all made way for "the General," and as far as the delegates-at-large are concerned Southern California is wiped off the map.

Buncoed?

I have it from a close friend of General Otis that "the General" thinks he was buncoed by "The Machine" and that the component parts of "The Organization" were not particularly anxious that he should go to the convention. My friend puts it in this fashion: "Of course the orders to send the General to the convention came from the 'higher ups' and the boys all said they were anxious and willing to give the General a chance. Yes, they were—just as anxious and willing as a naturally dirty boy is to have his face washed. They did not want him—didn't want 'The Machine' to go down to history as indorsing the arch enemy of the trades unions. 'The Machine' had control of the convention and its clerical force. If they had wanted Otis so badly do you think they couldn't have stolen a vote or two for him? Suppose it had been the other way—suppose old Jake Neff had lost by a single vote. Don't you think there would have been a riotous call for a recount or a new vote?"

Neff.

That Jacob Neff was the only Lincoln-Roosevelt man to land, is natural. Neff is known in the mining counties all the way from Trinity and Plumas to Mariposa. To ask these counties to repudiate Jake Neff for Harrison Gray Otis or anybody else, is like asking a mother to repudiate her child. Six years ago Jake Neff won the chairmanship of the state convention at Sacramento, with "The Machine" against him. The Tom Flint delegates headed by Tom Hughes nominated him and he took enough votes away from the supporters of Gage and Pardee—admittedly machine—to land the prize. Nothing but the strength of his personal following effected this. A remarkable man is old Jake Neff.

Hushed.

I am told that conversation is carried on in subdued tones in the Union League. General Otis has a definite strength in that organization, among those who have stood

shoulder to shoulder with him in various labor fights. They do not like the alliance that Meyer Lissner made with the laborites. This is carrying out a prophecy I made some weeks ago. I said the Lissner-Earl-Pardee combination would have to unload the whole labor-union outfit or go down to defeat at the next primary. I meant just that; and I also meant what I said when I said that from now and henceforth "The Organization" should dump General Otis out of the band-wagon. He will beat anything with which he is identified.

Will Jump Out.

I rather suspect that "the General" will not wait to be dumped out of the aforesaid band-wagon; I rather suspect that he will take the initiative and jump out of his own free will. If he thinks he has been given the "double cross" he most assuredly will. He will be a man without a political home, then, and can say just what he thinks. It is a fine position to occupy, General; I enjoy it myself.

FOR SALE—Hardware and plumbing business, 1330 West Pico Street. Will sell the stock of hardware at invoice, or the business as it stands, including good will in jobbing trade. Business established over seventeen years; only reason for selling other line of business. Good long lease, and low rent. Apply at premises and investigate this fine chance.

Banking Facilities.

The Merchants Trust Company has made arrangements by which a branch of the institution has been opened at 2426 South Hoover street. Under the direction of President Mark Jones this trust company has been making rapid strides in local financial circles. The bank pays two per cent on checking account balances, three per cent on ten-day withdrawal notice accounts and four per cent on term accounts. These inducements are proving especially desirable for depositors.

Hellman.

All of the real people in town are preparing to give Marco Hellman the time of his life on the occasion of his last dinner as a bachelor. This is as it should be. Marco

Children's pictures in characteristic attitudes

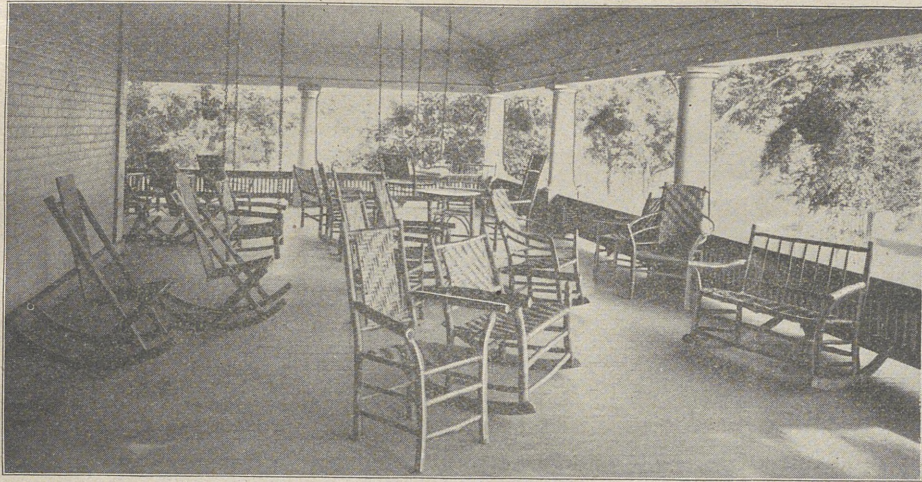
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The showing of these pieces at the "California" is at the height of its interest right now. There are chairs, rockers, settees, swings, tables, etc., in rustic, artistic designs that suggest comfort in every line.

A few odd pieces of this furniture will make the porch and lawn a source of real comfort through all the summer months to come. And it is decidedly inexpensive—a comfortable arm rocker may be had for as little as \$2.50—the arm chair to match for \$2.00. From this the prices range up to \$7.50 for a handsome rocker of comfortable design.

A catalog, fully illustrating the complete line, will be mailed upon request.

We invite you to come and see this interesting collection, and compare our prices.

California Furniture Co.
BROADWAY NEAR SEVENTH 639 TO 645

Hellman has made a name as a man and as a business man that might well be envied by any of us. He will receive the heartiest congratulations of the thousands who know him, who will wish him a happy and prosperous journey through life, trotting double.

To Hawaii.

It is practically assured that at least five yachts will take part in the ocean race to Honolulu, which will start from San Pedro on or about the Fourth of July. The local committee that is preparing the way by getting subscriptions is doing well, but the time is short and there is urgent need for speed in providing the ways and means. Unless this race is held there will be immense disappointment in Hawaii, for practically the entire community in Honolulu has had a part in building the "Hawaii" especially for this race.

Burdette.

Here's to you, Bob Burdette! May your heart always stay as young as it is now. I wonder what those calculating and for the most part dollar-saving bankers thought of

you when out at their convention in Pasadena the other day you said to them in an address: "A man will enjoy five dollars more when he is twenty than fifty thousand when he is fifty, and to the young man with the five I say spend it while you can enjoy it." Bob knew what he was talking about, for when he was twenty he didn't have much more than the five, and I'm pretty sure that he has the fifty thousand now; and it was not gained by squeezing the other fellow, either.

Van Loan.

Charley Van Loan's latest stunt in Denver is to manage a bronco race across Wyoming, and down to Denver, for the Denver "Post." From the publicity standpoint this is one of the best advertising schemes that could be devised. Van Loan, I am told, is business manager, chief booster and press agent.

Elks.

The Elks are getting up a delegation of unparalleled size and prominence to go to the next annual gathering of the "best people on earth." The local Elks are deter-

mined that Los Angeles shall have the national convention, or what may be its proper name, and are going prepared with all sorts of arguments, written and personal, to bring about that end. From the personnel of the party that is going they ought to land what they are after—and Los Angeles will do the rest.

Behymer.

L. E. Behymer has been made an officer of the Academy of Public Instruction and Beaux Arts of France, and is entitled to wear the blue ribbon and blue button of the society. The honor has come to Mr. Behymer for his services to music, to French composers and to French artists. The decoration is deserved. Mr. Behymer has never yet been awarded proper local recognition for his labors. He deserves more than a blue button and a blue ribbon at the hands of the Los Angeles public. He ought to have a monumental bank account.

Ungrateful.

Joe Sartori, who has just returned from an eastern trip, tells a story that illustrates to a nicety the ungratefulness of Americans. In his college days at the University of Michigan Mr. Sartori was the short stop of the University nine and when time permits, he is today a most enthusiastic baseball "fan." While he was in Chicago, Mr. Sartori saw a game between the Chicago and Pittsburg clubs of the National League. "In that game an incident occurred that shows just how ungrateful and unthinking Americans can be. The score was 1 to 0 about the seventh inning, in favor of Chicago. Pfeister the pitcher was plainly weakening and big Overall, the Californian who once pitched for the University Club at Berkeley, was called in to take his place. Up to that time Overall had pitched fourteen winning games in succession for Chicago—and the fifteen thousand or so spectators knew it. This winning record has been excelled but once in the recent history of the game. Now what happened when Overall started to pitch. He passed one batsman to first on balls. There was a roar of disapproval. He sent the next batsman to first on balls. There was a mighty howl. Thousands of men stood up and yelled: "Take him out; put him out!" Now that was after Overall had pitched fourteen winning games. In this instance he 'pitched himself out of the hole' and Chicago won. But the way that crowd changed shows how fickle the public is."

All Records Beaten.

The San Francisco reporters vied with each other in exhibits of "fine writing" during the fleet celebrations, but it remained for a representative of the "Call" to provide the following exquisite gems of expression in describing the ball given to the blue-jackets and graced by the city's fairest daughters: "The broad, blue, white bordered collars of the sailors' blouses flapped gently against the dainty fabrics of handsome gowns, arms that billowed in strength even under the heavy uniform cloth of the navy encircled slender waists, and bare throats, bronzed by sun and sea, made forceful contrast to the pure flesh tones of white necks and shoulders. . . . Strong, well set, laughing, they trampled over all preconceived ideals. Could powder add to the

tanned skin? Could dress suit set off more fittingly the rippling muscles? Was there aught indelicate about the corded neck, firmly set in broad shoulders? The eternal feminine responded to the primal call and the American blue-jacket reigned triumphant."

The "Call" man—or was it a lady?—is assuredly entitled to the cake, likewise to all the plums therein.

Error.

In a recent episcopal address the Right Rev. Bishop Johnson is quoted by the "Times" as saying: "I have no concern about Rome. She is a strong and powerful organization, doing a great work, but I differ with her and protest in my inner life against the errors which, to my mind, impair her usefulness and hinder her progress. That, however, is her own affair." One must presume this is the reporter's error. Bishop Johnson did not mean that he differed "with" Rome. Obviously "in his inner life" he differs "from" Rome. The correction is the more important as the right reverend gentleman is deeply interested in educational work and must be anxious to keep the English language "pure and undefiled" and free from impious error.

Fleishman's Vicissitudes.

*At various intervals since the sensational levanting of Henry J. Fleishman six or seven years ago many and diverse reports have been brought to this city concerning his whereabouts and doings. If the Farmers' & Merchants' Bank chose to forgive the defaulting cashier and to abandon pursuit of

him, it is presumably nobody else's business. But if the story of Fleishman's wanderings and hardships could be told, it would be a sufficiently horrible example, proving "the way of the transgressor." After Fleishman's travels in Mexico and Central America and the loss of his last dollar in fruitless investment he made his way to New York. He took the name of Eugene B. Lozier, and was joined by Mrs. Cunningham, the "beauty doctor," of whose charms he had become enamored before he left Los Angeles. After various vicissitudes "Lozier" secured a job soliciting for a fire-proofing concern. I have it from the manager of that concern that "Lozier" was the most reliable, industrious and successful salesman in his employ. But the venture was doomed to failure, and once more "Lozier" disappeared into the New York whirlpool. He was next found as a salesman in a dry goods establishment, working for \$18 a week. Fleishman now is no longer in New York, but it would be obviously unfair to give his present address. The penitentiary is not the only, or always the heaviest, punishment visited upon the wrong doer. The day that Fleishman put his hand into the bank's funds, that day he wrote finis to his own peace of mind and brought hell to himself. Yet, it is a curious reflection that had not Amalgamated Copper dropped two or three points on that Saturday morning, so fateful for Fleishman, he might today have been occupying one of the most important posts in the local realm of finance.

Three Cheers.

P. J. McDonald, the president of the Los Angeles Planing Mill Company, was in San Francisco last week. On his return he told a story of his personal experience which tells, better than volumes, how the sailors of the Atlantic fleet feel toward Los Angeles. Mr. McDonald was standing by a show window when five sailors happened along. They drew up at the window when one of the sailors, cigarette in hand, said: "I beg pardon, sir, can you let me have a match." Certainly," said Mr. McDonald, fishing from his pocket a box bearing Al Levy's name. The sailor looked at that box intently. "Levy. He's the man that fixed up the barbecue. Are you from Los Angeles?" "That I am," said Mr. McDonald. That was enough for the sailor. Turning to the others he exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Say, mates, here's a man from Los Angeles. Three cheers for Los Angeles!" And those cheers were given with a will right on the street. The match box was turned over to the sailor.

Brightening.

Every now and then something comes "along the line" that makes a man feel better for having preserved a strict independence in the warring of the Republican factions and thus being in a position to tell exactly what he thinks. For instance, this week I have a letter from one of the leading Republicans of the Southwest, a man who has been a pretty staunch supporter of General Ota, and one from whom the "Graphic" never had any particular reason to expect commendation. In the course of this letter, which referred to other things as well as politics, the writer said: "While you know my feelings I must confess that

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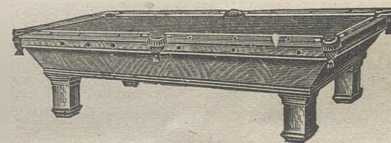
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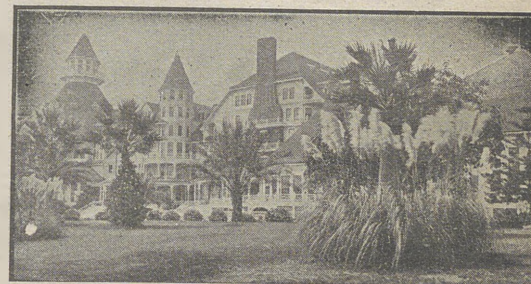
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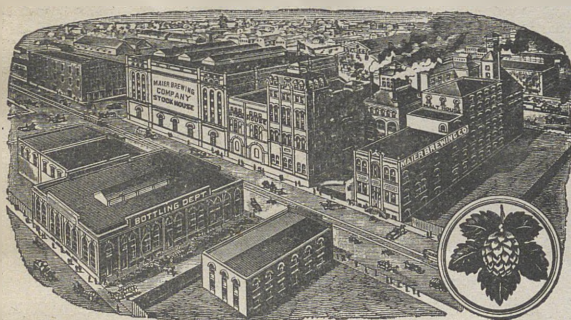
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your political criticisms are right in line with my judgment. I am very glad that we have here in the city of Los Angeles an independent, fearless public servant; and I can assure you that I do read with interest your weekly publication. You know I am a 'stalwart,' but there comes a time when the mask is torn just a little, and we can see the past and from that past read the future. It is time for men to be truly independent in politics as well as religion." As I said, those words come from a man who I never had any reason to think would ever be able to see "any health in us," as the Episcopal service has it. Coming from such a source, it makes me believe that I have been pretty independent in the course of this season of political alarms and forays.

Sons of the Revolution.

Steps were taken at an informal luncheon given by Mr. Archibald Alexander Talmage at the California Club for the formation of a local chapter of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and it was decided to hold an organization meeting at Levy's Restaurant, on Wednesday, June 17, commemorating at the same time the battle of Bunker Hill. All men in Southern California who are now members of other State Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution are requested to send their credentials to Mr. H. C. Houghton, temporary secretary, 933 Security Bldg., and all men who are eligible to membership in the society should apply to Mr. Houghton for application blanks. Those who can be present at the meeting on June 17 are also requested to advise Mr. Houghton. Some fifty members have already made themselves known to either Mr. Houghton or Mr. Talmage, the temporary chairman, and it is expected that a very large local organization will result from these initial steps. The purpose of the society is the stirring up of national patriotism by occasional meetings on historical dates, and all descendants of American patriots, those who were instrumental in bringing about or aiding in the cause of American independence are eligible to membership.

A Riverside Rumpus.

Riverside is in a state of turmoil. It nearly always is. What with northers, oranges dropping, and the affairs of the Polo Club, and other things, it has more excitement to the square mile (it possesses about 56 of them, and is the largest city in the

world) than any other supposedly peaceful country town in the southern country. About two weeks ago it had "an elephant on its hands"; now it's likely to have a white elephant. "Woman, lovely woman" is responsible for the latest unpleasantness. The ladies of the W.C.T.U. have brought pressure to bear on the councilmen which has induced the latter to frame an ordinance which is also in the nature of ordinance, because it is a bomb-shell of the most drastic character directed against the liquor habit. The councilmen can not be blamed, for who can resist the pressure of lovely woman? It is expected that the ordinance will pass on Tuesday next, May 26. It is an iron-clad, double-riveted one. It invades the rights of private citizens, and even forbids the railways to bring booze into the community. The ladies are certainly running things at Riverside nowadays.

"Oh woman in our hours of ease,
etc., etc.

When pain and anguish wring the brow
(of councilmen)

An administering angel thou."

—Marmion.

Club Gets Back.

The Victoria Club directors, however, got back at the ladies. They passed a rule that ladies were not to be served with drinks except at meals, or if attended by their husbands. I didn't hear what provision was made for unmarried ladies—somebody else's husbands probably. A minister preached a sermon last Sunday night to the text: "To hell in a red automobile from the Victoria Club." Hell is surely popping in peaceful Riverside.

Ordinance Will Pass.

It is generally considered that the ordinance will pass. It won't matter if it does, because it will be unconstitutional. But it will please the W.C.T.U.

Mountain Climbing a Fad.

The glorious spring days as well as moonlight nights are attracting a horde of out of door enthusiasts to the mountains. "Tripping the trail" to the top of Mt. Wilson appears to be the one objective point. Records are being made weekly, on foot to the peak and return, while there is yet one to be made astride a slow going surefooted burro. The slowest record yet made by the burro route was that of Mr. P. J. Devlin, who chaperoned a party to the peak last Sunday, returning the day following, frequent delays being due to an obstreperous pack mule, laden with all the delicacies necessary for an enjoyable outing.

Craig's Story.

It was around the camp-fire in the San Bernardino mountains, the night after the trout season opened this year, that Allen Craig told one of the best stories I have heard for some time. "We had gone up the Malibu coast the night before May 1," he said, "to be on the grounds for the early morning trout fishing. During the night such a terrible wind came up that it was impossible to keep warm. We had only a few blankets, and the gale increased until we were nearly frozen and more and more frequently passed around the snake-bite antidote. None of us had taken enough to make us the least bit intoxicated. As we



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went farther up the coast after daylight to a stream we were looking for, I saw out at sea a great building. I decided I had taken more than I thought I had during the night and, of course, didn't say anything about it. About twenty minutes later one of the boys blustered out: 'I've been watching that darn thing for twenty minutes. Have I got 'em, or do you see a big barn out on the water?' Then we all confessed that we had seen it but were afraid to speak of it. Later we found out that it was a warehouse that had blown off a pier during the night."

Kirkpatrick.

A story of this sort never comes through but what I am reminded of a story told by Thomas Kirkpatrick, who is head of the house of A. P. Hotelling & Co. of San Francisco. Many years ago, when Mr. Kirkpatrick was a commercial traveler, with Oregon as part of his field, he called on his customers in Oregon City, I think it was. He had been passing along the glad hand to several of his customers, and well toward the middle of the afternoon he was through with his work and sat down on the front porch of a country hotel to rest. A friend came along and said: "Say, Kirk, if I was you and had nothing to do I would go up to the falls and look around a bit. You will see something there worth seeing." Mr. Kirkpatrick followed the suggestion, and in the afternoon sun, as it played on the water, saw many squirming things in the water. "My goodness gracious," he thought to himself. "Is it possible that I have got 'em?" He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Still the squirming things were there. Lost in apprehension and troubled in mind, he walked back to the hotel. He watched himself pretty closely and still nothing untoward happened. Sitting on the porch he was a pretty picture of the word "Glum." About ten minutes later along happened the friend. "Say, Kirk, did you go up to the falls?" "Yes," was the monosyllabic re-

ply. "See anything up there?" "Nothing but the falls." "Because I was going to tell you that if you looked closely you would see scores and maybe hundreds of eels in the water."

The pall was lifted. That "glum" feeling had gone.

Kendall.

This reminded some one of a favorite story told here this winter by John D. Kendall, the Salt Lake millionaire, who has just returned to the Mormon city. According to Kendall, a Salt Lake new-rich German built a salt palace outside the city. It really was a wonder, and many went out to see it. One day some one inquired: "But is it impervious to water?" "Oh, yes!" was the reply, "but we don't care for dot."

De Longpre.

I reprint the following from "The American Musician and Art Journal" of New York:

"Paul de Longpre is coming back to his former home in New York City. He can labor here for American art as well as in California. With the indorsement of leading newspapers and leading people, which he already has, let him approach our Congress. He ought to succeed—his plan is worthy beyond expression. Everybody who is true American at heart ought to help the good work. There is a crying need for such institutions as he suggests. If Mr. de Longpre refuses to be discouraged and, with the patience of a Job, keeps steadily at work without complaint, some day his plea may be considered by the nation's lawmakers. There is a splendid opportunity for some energetic legislator to print his name in large letters on history's coveted pages."

There is being distributed by the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma a magnificently illustrated book entitled "Lomaland." The illustrations are of the institution at Point Loma, the children under instruction in the various schools, and the grounds at Point Loma. The Aryan Theosophical Press is publishing this book, and typographically nothing could be better executed.

Stragglers.

When the Atlantic fleet left the Los Angeles ports headed for Santa Barbara, many men were left behind, willing to rejoin their ships but without means to pay the passage. Motley H. Flint on his own responsibility guaranteed that the passage of these men would be paid and through his efforts scores of men were sent to Santa Barbara and then to San Francisco. In all cases where the men actually returned on board the ships, refunds have been made from the pay due the men. The board of officers, very wisely and properly, turned over to Mr. Flint from this personal guarantee a matter of right and justice. When the fleet moved northward Mr. Flint had plenty of this sort of business to attend to. He has had the cordial assistance of Commander Louis of the Governor and on this occasion I want to say that Commander Louis has been the man who has granted a half-fare rate to the sailors.

Los Angeles Ry. Co.

HOW PASSENGERS CAN AVOID ACCIDENTS

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the look-out for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

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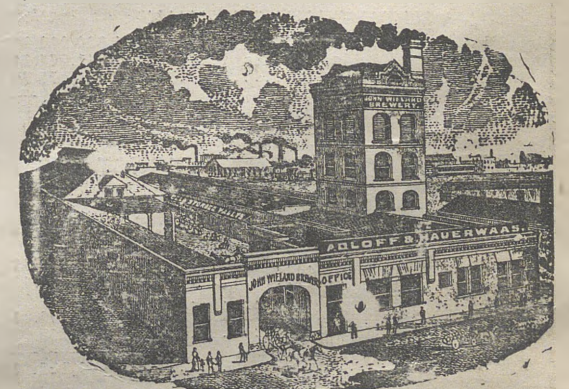
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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES,

At Close of Business, May 14, 1908.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	\$ 9,344,968.83
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	17,077.48
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits	737,192.36
U. S. Bonds on hand	4,560.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	None
Bonds, securities, etc.	514,110.42
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	\$ 950,648.53
Due from State banks and bankers	283,467.50
Due from approved reserve agents	792,754.61
Checks and other cash items	87,687.32
Exchange for clearing-house	198,303.73
Notes of other National Banks	10,273.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	8,449.82
Clearinghouse scrip	82.00
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:	
Specie	\$2,006,483.00
Legal tender notes	727,100.00 2,733,583.00
Cash and sight exchange	5,065,254.51
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer	62,500.00
Total	\$16,995,663.60

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus fund	250,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,289,495.77
National Bank notes outstanding	1,158,500.00
Due to other National Banks	\$1,007,448.02
Due to State banks and bankers	641,755.40
Due to trust and savings banks	630,592.02
Dividends unpaid	705.00
Individual deposits subject to check	\$174,328.19
Demand certificates of deposit	144,097.75
Certified checks	64,084.10
Cashier's checks outstanding	605,833.36
U. S. Deposits	670,757.99
Letters of credit	8,066.00
Total Deposits	12,947,667.83
Bond account	100,000.00
Total	\$16,995,663.60

*No premium on U. S. Bonds.
 *No Real Estate. No furniture and fixtures.
 *Additional Assets—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars; invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.
 STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

County of Los Angeles—ss.
 I, J. M. Elliott, President of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 J. M. ELLIOTT, President.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of May, 1908, Correct—Attest:

W. N. HAMAKER, Notary Public.
 STODDARD JESS, G. E. BITTINGER,
 W. C. PATTERSON, J. C. DRAKE,
 F. Q. STORY, E. J. MARSHALL,
 Directors.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
LOS ANGELES TRUST COMPANYLos Angeles, Cal.,
At the Close of Business, May 14th, 1908.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	\$2,801,504.29
Overdrafts	660.32
Bonds, securities, etc.	436,500.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	653,499.59
Cash and Sight Exchange	739,183.79
Total	\$4,631,347.99

LIABILITIES:

Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	341,574.14
Deposits	3,289,773.85
Total	\$4,631,347.99

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
METROPOLITAN BANK & TRUST CO.Los Angeles, Cal.,
At the Close of Business, May 14th, 1908.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	\$ 379,612.48
Overdrafts	604.67
Bonds, securities, etc.	284,500.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	325,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	271,465.47
Total	\$1,261,182.62

LIABILITIES:

Capital	\$ 250,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	89,011.29
Deposits:	
Demand	\$585,648.67
Time	336,522.66 922,171.33
Total	\$1,261,182.62

Puccini's New Opera-Play.

Acton Davies, the interesting dramatic critic of the "Evening Sun" of New York, had some musical news in his daily column recently that will interest followers of opera in general, and of Puccini in particular:

A long and enthusiastic letter from Giacomo Puccini, which reached David Belasco from Italy a day or two ago, contains the interesting information that the composer's new opera, "La Fanciulla del Occidente," is rapidly nearing completion, and in all probability will be ready for production at Covent Garden, London, early next season.

The fact that "La Fanciulla" is merely "The Girl of the Golden West" in operatic guise makes the news of decided interest to both American theater and operagoers. Puccini writes in the most glowing terms of his new work and goes so far as to declare that in it he has found a theme which will give him far greater scope than "Madam Butterfly."

One novelty in the opera will be the absence of a chorus during all the acts except the last. The story follows the play very closely. The first act occurs in the barroom, the second in the girl's mountain cabin and the scene of the game of cards and the hero's blood dropping from the loft on the sheriff's handkerchief are to be made, if possible, quite as dramatic from an operatic standpoint as they were originally in the Belasco drama.

The schoolroom scene is omitted entirely and the story jumps from the mountain cabin to the scene in the foothills, where the Girl bids a final adieu to her beloved California. The Girl's final line: "Oh, my mountains! Oh, my California!" Puccini is making into the greatest aria of the opera. In this scene there will also be a big chorus of miners; though how the Italian composer is going to work them into particulars is not explained.

Jack Rance, the sheriff, is to be sung by a bass, and the chances are that if either Pol Plancon or Edouard de Reszke will consent to get a clean shave and let his beard go by the board one or the other of them will have an opportunity to create this role. If Caruso is chosen to play Johnson, the road agent, he will have to do a little banting, of course, but the nightly run up and down the mountain from the bar to the Girl's hut ought to have a splendidly reducing effect upon his figure.

The role of the Girl was promised to Geraldine Farrar over a year ago, and when she sailed for Europe the other day she carried with her, as a present from Mr. Belasco, not only the original script of the play of "Madam Butterfly," but the original prompt book of "The Girl of the Golden West" as well.

Puccini is a past master at painting in music that sort of tense, modern, vital drama, and his theatrical instinct combined with his melodic gift and piquant harmonization will no doubt make "La Fanciulla" as big a box office success as "Madam Butterfly" proved to be. Intimate students of musical history are aware that "realistic" opera was known and practiced as a fine art long before Puccini and his fellow Neo-Italians were ever heard of, and its first two exponents answered to the names of Ponchielli and Verdi.

Here's Another.

A few days ago the "Examiner," in answer to a correspondent asking the editor of that paper to name the commanders who had never lost a battle, presented the names of Alexander, Caesar and Wellington. Correct—thus far. But the "Examiner" might have added General George H. Thomas, one of the greatest commanders of the civil war, and the only one who never lost a battle—for he won his first battle at Mill Spring (Ky.) in January, 1862, which was so decisive as to rid a large portion of Kentucky of Confederates. In this battle the Confederate General Zollicoffer was killed and his army put to flight. General Thomas also won his last battle at Nashville in December, 1864, completely destroying Hood's

army, taking twelve thousand prisoners and all of Hood's artillery (48 pieces) except six howitzers, which were thrown into Duck river during the flight of Hood's remnant of gallant fighters. It was Thomas' army that won the battle of Franklin one month before, one of the most remarkable contests of modern times, in which in five hours the Confederates lost twelve generals, killed and wounded—more than they lost at Gettysburg, Antietam and Chancellorsville, altogether. General Thomas also saved the day at Perryville, Peachtree Creek and Chickamauga; and at Stone River, after Hardee had driven back and demoralized three divisions commanded by Generals Dick Johnson, Phil Sheridan and Jeff C. Davis, the great Thomas in the center stood unbroken and unmoved.

Riverbed Problem.

Since writing a paragraph, which appears on a preceding page, about the riverbed grab of the "Los Angeles Harbor Railway Company," I have received a postal announcing that Lee C. Gates and James A. Anderson will address the City Club this Saturday on "What shall we do with the riverbed?" Inasmuch as Mr. Anderson may be said to be a receptive candidate for the Mayoralty, the meeting will be of more than ordinary moment. The more this riverbed railroad is exploited in the newspapers, the less likelihood of any private company being allowed to acquire any rights in it. Unfortunately no publicity will be given the matter in the "Times." That paper does not like the City Club, or Lee C. Gates, or James A. Anderson.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
FARMERS AND MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
OF LOS ANGELES,
At Close of Business, May 14, 1908.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	\$ 6,203,748.31
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	57,440.21
United States Bonds to secure Circulation	1,500,000.00
United States Bonds to secure United States Deposits	84,000.00
United States Bonds on hand	105,000.00
Premiums on United States Bonds	82,700.00
Stocks, securities, etc., "bonds only"	1,405,032.96
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	412,015.45
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	\$ 589,324.12
Due from State Banks and Bankers	392,037.94
Due from approved Reserve Agents	901,989.07
Checks and other cash items	390,732.59
Exchange for Clearing House	151,440.20
Notes of other National Banks	90,000.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	1,204.58
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:	
Specie	2,142,196.00
Legal-tender notes	10,700.00 4,669,604.50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)	75,000.00
Total	\$14,594,541.57

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock paid in	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus fund	1,000,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expense and taxes paid	794,805.93
National Bank notes outstanding	1,500,000.00
Due to other National Banks	\$ 551,236.69
Due to State Banks and Bankers	399,320.87
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	1,485,002.97
Dividends unpaid	48.00
Individual Deposits subject to check	6,885,127.56
Demand certificates of deposit	74,491.29
Certified checks	21,688.13
Cashier's checks outstanding	298,320.13
United States deposits	84,000.00 9,799,735.64
Total	\$14,594,541.57

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
 County of Los Angeles—ss.

I, Charles Seyler, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES SEYLER,
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of May, 1908.

EDWARD G. KUSTER, Notary Public
 Correct: Attest—
 J. A. GRAVES, JACOB BARUCH, WM. LACY,
 Directors.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

To have a new figure and a new face handed to you all in one day seems almost more than one deserves. Of course neither are absolutely new, you understand, but "made over" so well that you are as pleased with yourself as if you were once again a bud of eighteen summers.

To have the former happiness bestowed upon you, dear girl, you must betake yourself to the good Boston Store on South Broadway; walk down to the end of the big annex, and deliver yourself into the kindly hands of the corset fitter and demonstrator of the one unimpeachable and perfect fitting stay in this latter day market. This model is known as the "Gossard," the front-lacing corset, and gives you all the lines you have envied and despaired of for years. You have heard of the "Gossard," of course, dear girl. So had I, but continued to wrench my neck every morning in an attempt to lace myself comfortably up the back. Not any more in mine, thank you. Henceforth the "Gossard" and none other shall produce comfort and elegance combined. The only way to get a corset right, you know, is to have one fitted to your own peculiar style, and the operation at the Boston Store is interesting, as well as instructive.

And the new face? Take your own dear, wrinkled brown one up to a certain charming magician known to the cult as Anna Bergeron, at 510 Fay Bldg., Phone A 6937. gently yield yourself to one of her scientific electrical and vibratory facial treatments, and see if those ugly little wrinkles round your mouth and the nasty little telltale looseness under the chin have not skidooed in the fashion of number 23. She is the only person in the city who gives ice-cold treatment, instead of the usual steaming and boiling of the tissues, and the result is simply wonderful. A course of eight or twelve treatments at her hands produces a skin and a complexion like a baby's. Her witch hazel cleansing cream and astringent lotion are prepared by herself from purest vegetable compounds, and in addition to this restful massage, Mrs. Bergeron teaches you how to keep your face in the state of perfection she has produced. You ought to see her own lovely skin, and you would know there is nothing of the "fake" about her.

And now I will tell you where to get the latest lingerie gown to match all this perfection of face and figure. Blackstone's buyer has just returned from New York with a carload of the most beautiful summer garments I have seen. The prices are so "rangeiful" and extraordinary that it is to laugh when one studies them. You can, at Blackstone's second floor dress department, buy a batiste princess gown in any of the pretty shades, pink, lavender, blue, tan or white, for a five dollar bill—plenty of lace and trimmings, and just sweet and cool for house wear; \$6.50 gets a more elaborate frock, with more "doings" on the waist front, and twenty-five pays for a stunning piece of fine lingerie, exquisitely gotten up and embroidered. Truly the prices in these

garments have changed since last summer. The linen suits and gowns at Blackstone's are most novel and effective. These people have a very nice way of picking up novelities in model garments, and some of their heavy English linen suits simply talk "British" to you, don't you know; such good form, so solid, sort of "for ever and ever" look about them. For beautiful and stylish lingerie robes and suits, dear girl, there is no house that has a better exhibit than Blackstone's.

The truly hot weather is approaching, the sultry afternoons when nothing but white appeals to the senses, and of course our clever milliner, Miss Swobdi, of 749 South Broadway, is all ready with her "soothing effects." White Leghorns and Milans, soft and graceful in shape, with drooping white plumes or paradise tails, are all in the lead this week. White lilacs on a pretty model go a long way toward turning the heart of weary man to tender and forgiving thoughts of the milliner's bill, and Miss Swobdi has some endearing hats all ready for the dog days. Swobdi says "white," and "white" it is.

The Ville de Paris was feeling very French and Parisian this week, when I sauntered through its cool, wide aisles. I was shown some patterns at the silk counter that I understand belong to a social status all their own. These really exquisite pieces of silk known as the "Mirage" can only be bought at the Ville de Paris. I've seen this mirage silk before, in its elusive and misty style of beauty, but never in the exquisite shades of rose pink, peacock and "peaume" green and pale blue. It is unique in quality, my child—a heavy, majestic sort of a rough woven silk, and quite "too utterly utter" in style and novelty for a dress costume. It comes at a dollar thirty-five a yard, and in the most wonderful shades and tones. The Ville is also showing a big assortment of summer serges, white and fine striped, for outing and summer suits, wide and cool, and yet all wool, and most durable. The smart summer girl is not yet complete without one of those striped woolen suits, and nowhere in town will she find a finer display than at the Ville.

"It is the little things that count" always in a woman's trousseau, and Myer Siegel's of 251 South Broadway have bent an obliging and willing ear to this old and wise proverb.

They have for choice and "for fair" one of the finest assortments of neckwear, whether collars, jabots, neckties or coat sets in the whole city. The latest scheme in colored effects, the "Veronique," is to be seen very



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*The ne plus ultra confectionery.
Only the highest quality of sugar,
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Every piece daintily dipped
with the finest blend
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Christopher's

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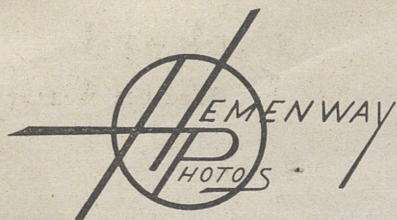
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 107½ North Main Street

largely in their smart collars and cuffs. The lapel and coat cuff sets are very stylish this season, and brighten up a dark suit effectively. Siegel's have some pretty hand embroidered sets in this order, and also more elaborate affairs in lace and "Baby Irish Point." After inspecting these dainty little appointments, I saw at Siegel's some most tempting negligee garments, soft and frou-frou, and at all popular prices. Siegel's

lingerie is always good and satisfactory, Harriet, and it's quite easy to select a stunning suit there for as low as \$15.

Well, here's farewell to the cool days, and hurrah for Summer.

As ever,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street, May nineteenth.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Deborah's Diary

Mr. Clare Woolwine, son of Mr. W. D. Woolwine, has returned from school at Stanford University to spend the holidays.

Next Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson will entertain with a smart dancing party in honor of Miss Constance Britt and Miss Marion Churchill. The affair will take place in the pretty ballroom of the Wilson home, at 7 Chester Place, and will include members of the younger set.

On Monday evening Mrs. George D. Rowan entertained with a dinner and theater party for Miss Churchill, whose wedding to Mr. David McCartney is to take place early in June. On Tuesday evening Miss Elsie Knecht entertained with a dinner-dance for the popular couple; and Thursday afternoon Miss Marie Hambrouek gave a theater party for the bride-elect.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. W. S. Hook, of 1386 West Adams street, entertained with an elaborate reception for Mrs. W. S. Hook, Junior.

Mrs. Sidney Wailes, who was Miss Adelaide Brown, and one of the most popular members of the younger smart set, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Eleanor T. Brown, of 1653 West Twenty-third street.

Mr. W. G. Hemenway has opened a studio at 351 South Broadway, where he is showing some work in carbons that is artistic in the extreme.

The great success obtained by B. R. Baumgardt in his Sunday night lectures at Symphony Hall in the Blanchard Building has resulted in a continuance of these beautifully illustrated travelogues. The subject for Sunday evening, May twenty-fourth is "Paris." You who have been to Paris already know of its beauties, and you who have not been to Paris should go. In many respects Paris is without an equal. The most fashionable city in the world, pleasure seekers from both continents gather there for purposes of dissipation and enjoyment. Students and lovers of art find the inspiration they require for their development. The art treasures of sculpture and painting in the Louvre are priceless. Those in Luxembourg are world famous. The Cluny Museum of antiquities has no equal of its kind elsewhere, and the historical paintings in the galleries at Versailles defy comparison. All of these, and more, are reproduced in the series of two hundred views which have been taken personally by Mr. Baumgardt, and will be reproduced with verbal descriptions which should prove of interest to his auditors. To all who are interested in

art, literature, history, science and architecture, this lecture will prove one of absorbing interest.

The second volume of "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, has been published by the Scribners. This volume treats of Bancroft's experience as Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Polk, and of his life as United States Minister at Berlin.

I wonder how many women as prominent as she, would do what Mrs. E. K. Foster

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Excursion tickets for the round trip will be sold to the following named points, on certain dates during April, May, June, July and August.

ROUND TRIP RATES

Baltimore, Md.	\$107.50	Mineola, Tex.	\$60.00
Boston, Mass.	110.50	New Orleans, La.	67.50
Chicago, Ill.	72.50	New York, N.Y.	108.50
Council Bluffs, Ia.	60.00	Omaha, Neb.	60.00
Houston, Tex.	60.00	Philadelphia, Pa.	108.50
Kansas City, Mo.	60.00	St. Louis, Mo.	67.50
Leavenworth, Kan.	60.00	St. Paul, Minn.	73.50
Memphis, Tenn.	67.50	Washington, D.C.	107.50

Tickets good 90 days, but not later than Oct. 31st. Also good for stopovers in certain territories, and will be honored on the Famous California Limited.

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did the other day. I met her on the way to a meeting of the Child Study Circle of the school which her son, Noel, attends. I know that she has a variety of beautiful gowns, but she was simply and plainly dressed. Not nearly all of the women in that Arroyo district are able to wear elegant gowns and Mrs. Foster had the good taste not to try to display her wardrobe to women who might be made uncomfortable had she worn something better. Not a word of this did Mrs. Foster say to be, but her plain, almost old, gown told the story. Another mother said to me the other day that she deprecated the custom of the mothers attending the Child Study Circles in most of the schools in wearing gowns fit only for the theater or a party. "I know," she said, "that many poorer women are being kept away because they cannot compete with the rich in dress and it is just the poorer women we want to reach." Here is something practical, Mr. Murphy, for you to have discussed at your next Mother's Congress.

There will be a stir among the single men in the American colonies in Japanese cities during the next year, or I am not a good prophet. Mrs. Flora Goodall Bland, of Pasadena, expects to sail soon for the land of cherry blossoms to remain twelve months, and with her will go her two beautiful and stunning daughters, the Misses Daisy and Serena. They will all be much missed in Pasadena, where they have been prominent socially. Mrs. Bland is the daughter of the late Captain Charles Goodall of coast steamship fame, and inherited a large estate from her father.

"I don't want my husband to get into the habit of going away without me" I heard a prominent Hobart Boulevard woman explain the other day when some one asked her how she could find it possible to leave her three children, one a babe, and go away on an over-night trip with her liege lord. "I have a theory," continued she, "that while my babies need much—in fact, most—of my time, my husband also needs some and as long as he enjoys having me go with him and I know my babies are well taken care of, I'm going. It isn't a good thing to have one's husband get accustomed to going without one when the babies are young, for then he has formed the habit when they are older and mother stays at home as a matter of course. Then besides I think a woman is much better for getting away from her home for brief outings. I've no time for clubs, but I can always find the time for good healthful outings." And the critic had nothing more to say. I know a physician whose office is in the Huntington Building and who is one of the most prominent practitioners in the city, who, no matter how busy he is, sees that his wife has at least one outing a week with him, and a very good practice it is.

Probably nothing announced in the local papers last week called forth as much genuine congratulation as the announcement that a son had been born to the Hugh F. Stewarts, of Alhambra. The Stewart home has been particularly desolate because of the death a few months ago of their only child, a little girl. Following close upon this death came the killing of Mrs. Stewart's brother, Selwyn Graves, by a train, which

struck his auto. Grandpa Graves, otherwise known as "Buzz" Graves, is since the recent advent looking happier than he has for several months. The Warren Carharts are also rejoicing that there has been a tiny new arrival in the family.

Dr. William G. Galbraith of Los Angeles, accompanying Mr. W. C. Greene, the copper king, and family, is registered at Hotel del Coronado. Others registered at Hotel del Coronado from Los Angeles are T. N. Camfield, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Little, F. M. Saunders, F. M. Byron, R. J. Salter, Arthur J. Poole, W. R. Coffroth, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Wintrode, C. Leonardt, C. L. Bundy, Carl Reger, Harrison Albright, Mrs. A. Griffith, Miss Griffith.

Mrs. O. R. W. Robinson, wife of the Receiver of the local land office, is in San Francisco for a three weeks stay, visiting friends. Upon her return to this city, Mrs. Robinson proposes to spend the summer at Avalon.

M. S. Gregory, secretary of the Union League, and his bride have gone for an extended trip, visiting the Ozark Mountains, Missouri, the Eagle River district, Northern Wisconsin, and the larger cities from St. Louis to Winnipeg, returning by way of Vancouver, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. In Chicago Mr. Gregory will call on financial men in an effort to secure money for lending here. He believes his mission will be successful within three months.

The eighth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy opened at the Woman's Club House Wednesday. In the absence of Mrs. Jackson Hatch, Mrs. William Johnston was elected chairman. After an invocation by the Reverend Baker P. Lee, Rev. E. J. Harper welcomed the visitors, and Mrs. Mathew Robinson gave a short address. Reports of the years work were heard, and luncheon was served during the noon recess. The business of the afternoon session was lightened by music and readings, and Wednesday evening the Los Angeles Chapter entertained with a pretty ball at the club house. The annual election of officers took place Thursday afternoon, and again a musical program was rendered. Friday the delegates were the guests of Mrs. Abbott Kinney at Venice, where they were royally entertained.

RARE and ANTIQUE REAL LACES, two pairs new magnificent SILK PORTIERES, hand loomed; also some fine brasses FOR SALE; must be sold. 947 East Twenty-third street. Griffith avenue cars.

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On the Stage and Off

No more charming play than "My Wife" has graced a syndicate stage this season, and no more adequate support has been given a star than that with which John Drew has surrounded himself.

The French origin of "My Wife" is plainly apparent—in several instances one rather holds one's breath for fear of its being too apparent, then the chasm is lightly bridged over with a sly bit of comedy, and the wheel of fun rolls on. English adaptations of French comedies are usually cursed with an absolute lack of spice but this adaption is full of lightsome comedy—in fact, a typical Smart Set novelette.

John Drew is thoroughly at home as Gerald Eversleigh—the kindly, well-bred bachelor with slightly "sporty" proclivities. His walk and gestures are a trifle awkward, but he wears evening dress like a gentleman and has the knack of making fun of himself with utmost seriousness. Mr. Drew is starr-ed in the play, as he well merits, but he deserves a line of commendation for his manner of "playing up" to Miss Burke, his leading woman. He allows her every possible chance, eliminating his own personality whenever necessary.

And as for little Billie Burke—she is a most bewitching bit of humanity, so ideally fitted for the part of Trixie that it seems as though it might have been written for her. Her charm does not lie in her winsomeness and beauty alone, for she can act. From her first appearance, looking like a naughty schoolgirl in her short frock, and

talking like a willful child, she is captivating. And no less witching is she in the process of growing up. In the last act, with her absurd little self done up in a long-train gown, she has a womanliness that lends a deal of dignity to the part, and makes it entirely impressive.

Our friend, Ferdinand Gottschalk, is imitable as "Gibby;" in fact, almost submerges John Drew on several occasions. And the little dog who essays the part of Bismarck is no bad actor himself, and allows Gottschalk a capital scene in the first act.

"My Wife" is by no means a great comedy. Perhaps the greater part of its charm lies in the way it is played by the irresistible Miss Burke and by Mr. Drew; but be that as it may, it is thoroughly enjoyable.

"The Hypocrites" is a splendid example of the modern "realistic" drama of which the elect profess to be fond, and which they declare uplifts the stage. The drama is painfully realistic, sometimes brutally plain in its discussion of things pleasant and unpleasant. Its lines are brilliant, scintillating with the rare art of Henry Arthur Jones; its situations are constructed with a careful eye to their dramatic value; in brief, it is a clever play by a clever man.

That it should go entirely over the heads of the Burbank audience was to be expected. They utterly failed to appreciate its epigrams and its occasional flashes of Omar Khayyamish philosophy. It must be doubly difficult for an actor to play an exacting part

when his audience is entirely out of tune with him, but the Burbank company rises nobly to its task.

Byron Beaseley demonstrates his intrinsic merit with unusual brilliancy. Beaseley always paints his pictures with care, but not with labor. Sometimes he paints with a detailed devotion to the little things; sometimes with a broad dash of color that almosts approaches the crude; but he paints with the hand of the artist who knows. And in Mr. Wilmore he submerges his own identity to a degree rarely seen, making a bold, free character that stands out clean-cut.

After Mr. Beaseley comes Harry Mestayer as Lennard Wilmore. Mestayer's forte is in the part of half-fledged youths who have been interested in sowing a crop of wild oats, and he does not disappoint the expectations of his admirers this week.

Edythe Chapman does not rise to the possibilities of Mrs. Wilmore. The love of the woman for her son, and her tigress-like concealment of his faults are given with an appreciation of their tenderness, but in the big scenes, while by no means a failure—she falls below the standard she set for herself in the old days—perhaps because she could not have devoted sufficient study to her part.

Rachel Neve is a disappointment in the hands of Blanche Hall. Women are all actresses, and such a woman as Rachel Neve would have called all her resources, and faced the world with a deal more spirit than Miss Hall allowed her. Suggestion is oft times better than theatrical realism in such a part.

No matter how well played they are, such dramas as "The Hypocrites" are dangerous. Why should "Mrs. Warren's Profession" be so bitterly condemned and stopped by the authorities, when "The Hypocrites" is greeted with acclaim. The unquestioned brilliance of the playwright put aside—is "The Hypocrites" worthy the name "intellectual drama?" What intellectual atmosphere can enfold a story which deals mostly with the gross and cheaply vulgar, with a charming young minister of ideals thrown in to leaven the lump of gloom.

If realistic drama such as "The Hypocrites" is to become the standard of the modern stage, why should not the much condemned "Three Weeks" be a literary standard.

Katherine Grey, who is being starred in "The Truth" is a native of San Francisco, and has just completed a highly successful engagement in the city of her birth. Miss Grey has achieved considerable fame in Clyde Fitch's "The Truth," which deals with prevarications of a young wife. Miss Grey played last season in New York in "The Reckoning," and the critics united in praising her dramatic power, and her unusual ability as an actress. She is at the head of a company which is not called support, but has been dignified with the title associate players." Katherine Emmet, of whom we retain a charming memory as late leading woman at the Belasco, appears as Eva Lindon, giving, according to the San Francisco critics, a splendid interpretation of the role. "The Truth" has a record of one hundred weeks in London, with Marie



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of his soul. He has even been suspected of writing sonnets to it. Neither is Mr. Blackwood sixty years old—the old saying "fair fat and forty" is more applicable to him. We are surprised to hear that you were informed at the Belasco that the aforesaid mustache was green. There is nothing green about Mr. Blackwood, except, perhaps, his wit, which is undeniably Irish.

Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Orpheum—Julius Steger is the prominent name on the Orpheum bills for the coming week. Mr. Steger is still playing "The Fifth Commandment," and with him comes again John Romano, whose masterly manipulation of the harp was one of the essentials of the success of the playlet. May Boley is also announced, but this time the clever comedienne comes alone. It is a musical monologue, and if Miss Boley does as well in this as in "The Polly Girls" and "The Village Cut-up," another name may be added to the Elsie Fay class. We know Miss Boley's attainments with a supporting chorus. Let us see what she can do alone. Agnes Mahr comes with an unclassified assistant named Floradora. Miss Mahr herself is a dancer whose costuming is a prominent feature of her act. Her billing as "The American Tommy Atkins" is reminiscent of "The Girl with the Baton," and if Miss Mahr can justify her entry in this class, she will do all right. The last name on the list is Avery and Hart, a pair of black-face entertainers who will make good any amount of advance boosting. They are comedians, singers and dancers who deliver the real vaudeville goods at every performance. Marie Florence, The Banks-Breazeale Duo, Carbrey Bros. and Cliff Gordon remain another week.

Mason—Martin Beck enters the realm of legitimate theatrical matters by presenting Katherine Grey in Clyde Fitch's much discussed play, "The Truth."

Belasco—Manager Blackwood personally assures the "Graphic" that this is "positively the last week of The Girl," but it is a significant fact that the Golden West bills have not yet disappeared from the signboards. However, if the famous run of Belasco's play is at last ended, the company will present Hall Caine's "The Christian" next week with Alice Treat Hunt as Glory Quayle and Lewis Stone as John Storm.

Morosco's—"David Harum", with his quaint philosophy and dry wit, will occupy the Burbank stage next week.

Fischer's—A mild travesty on certain practices of the beauty cult serves for plot in "The Magic Baths" at Fischer's next week. Herb Bell, who is "too stout," and Willis West, whose thinness causes him much uneasiness, each seek to correct Dame Nature's mistakes at the Beauty Doctor's wonderful baths. Bessie Tannehill, Nellie Montgomery, Evan Baldwin and Fred Gambold assist in the fun making, and a promising array of musical interpolations and vaudeville is announced. Among the songs are "Dream On, Dear Heart," "Wink, Wink, Wink, Mr. Owl," "She Couldn't Keep Away From the Ten Cent Store," and "The Man Who Wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' Never Was a Married Man," and "Gymnasium Girls."



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In the Musical World

Gradually the season's music is closing, but students and teachers, as well as the public, are taking a great interest in the song recital to be given by Miss Alice Wernlund on Monday evening, May 25, at Blanchard Hall. Miss Wernlund several years ago was one of the best local church singers, and on the advice of her teachers went east for two years of study in New York, under Edward Strong and Oscar Sanger. While there she devoted herself to concert, church and oratorio singing, and a month ago returned to Los Angeles, where she expects to enter the field of concert work. In the coming concert she will be assisted by Miss Natalie Talbert, reader, and Mrs. Hennion Robinson, pianist. The program numbers are most interesting, quite a number of them being by English and American composers. The numbers include the following selections:

Concert Etude (Chaminade)—Mrs. Robinson.
Your Voice (Linzi Denza); A Memory (Edna R. Park); I Love and the World is Mine (Chas. G. Spross); A Gypsy Maiden (Henry Parker); Aria, Ombra Leggera, Shadow Dance, Dinorah (Meyerbeer); One Spring Morning (Ethelbert Nevin)—Miss Wernlund.
Reading, "As You Like It," (Shakespeare)—Miss Natalie Talbert.
(a) Prelude, in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff);
(b) Valse Caprice, in G Flat (Moszkowski)—Mrs. Robinson.
Love Has Wings (James H. Rogers).
Song Cycle, "The Wandering One," (Caro Roma). 1. Absence; 2. The Lament; 3. Doubt Not; 4. The Prayer; 5. The Letter; 6. The Return.
April, Laugh thy Girlish Laughter (Geo. L. Osgood)—Miss Wernlund.

Arrangements are being completed by the management of the Auditorium for the appearance of Ellen Beach Yaw and her concert company at the Auditorium on Friday night, June 5. The eastern newspapers have been full of kind words concerning Miss Yaw's operatic debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City on March 21 in "Lucia," and her splendid success placed her immediately in the front ranks of the operatic and concert artists, and has resulted in more engagements en route west than the prima donna can fill. Her company consists of Eugene Nowland, violinist, late concert master of Ysaye's Orchestra in Brussels; Mr. William Mead, flutist; Madame Semuaker, at the piano. This will be the only appearance of Miss Yaw in concert in Southern California this season, except one engagement at her old home at Covina.

The Verdi School of Singing, which is under the direction of Signor Pietro Buzzi, has moved to better quarters at 668½ South Alvarado street, opposite Westlake Park. One of Signor Buzzi's most promising pupils, Miss Bessie Bulpin, will make her first professional appearance at the Orpheum during the first week in June. She will have a four weeks' engagement here and in San Francisco.

The Gamut Club was wise in providing an evening of music by local composers. Not many people appreciate how many musicians in Los Angeles and vicinity are turning their attention to writing music. Charles E. Pemberton, secretary of the club, was represented by two male quartets, sung by the Euterpean quartet, and two movements of a string quartet, played by Messrs. Bierlich, De Nubila, Hinkelman and Durand.

Frederick Stevenson contributed two songs, one sung by Robert Granger and one by LeRoy Jepson, who also sang one of H. E. Earle's numbers. Frank H. Colby played two of his own piano pieces, and W. E. Strobbridge presented a short suite for piano by Miss Fannie Dillon. H. S. Williams rendered songs by Morton F. Mason and by L. F. Gottschalk, a former resident, and J. P. Dupuy, the master of ceremonies, sang two songs by Julius A. Jahn. Mrs. Botsford also was represented on the program by two songs given by Charles A. Bowes. The heaviest number was a portion of Henry Schoenefeld's violin sonata, which won the Marteau prize several years ago. This was played by Messrs. Arnold Krauss and J. A. Jahn.

An organ recital by Alfred A. Butler, former organist of Christ Church, will be given Wednesday evening, June 3. The quartet choir of Christ Church will assist. Mr. Butler has just returned after three years' absence in Europe and New York, and has joined the faculty of Pomona College. The program follows:

HISTORICAL SECTION.

Passacaglio (Frescobaldi, 1587-1640?).
Old Psalm Tune (H. Purcell, 1658-1695).
Overture to the Opera "Alcina" (Handel, 1685-1759).
Andante from the Fourth Sonata (Mendelssohn, 1809-1847).
Fugue in D (Bach, 1685-1750).
Theme and Variations (Thiele, 1816-1848).

MODERN SECTION.

Intermezzo in D flat (Hollins).
Allegretto giocoso (Moszkowski).
Epilogue from the "Crucifixion" (Malling).
Grand Sonata on the Ninety-fourth Psalm (Reubke, 1836-1858).

The College of Music, University of Southern California, announces a piano recital to be given by Miss Hannah Asher, of the Senior Class, Tuesday evening, May 26, in the college chapel. She will be assisted by Miss Beulah Wright, reader; Herr Oskar B. Seiling, violin; Miss Carrie A. Trowbridge, piano. The public is invited.

May 29 is the date set for the grand choral and orchestral concert to be given at the Auditorium by the Treble Clef Club, with the assistance of sixty players under the direction of Leandro Campanari, the eminent New York director. Great interest has been demonstrated in the affair, and already the seat sales have reached a good figure. Many box-parties and social affairs have been planned for the occasion.

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Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

The Los Angeles College of Fine Arts at Garvanza has been exhibiting paintings and sketches from the Art League of the Chicago Art Institute. Mr. Judson having worked hard to induce Mr. Carpenter, of the Chicago Art Institute, to have the work shipped on here, was very hopeful of seeing something extremely good and educational from the artist's point of view; more especially as Mr. Judson was very enthusiastic, believing it represented the founders of a really dis-

tinctive American school. The disappointment was really very great, as it turned out to be only a collection of mediocre amateur work. Those who were responsible in allowing this work to go abroad unabashed must have thought perhaps that the poor, unsophisticated westerner would not know the difference. There are some clever men on the staff at the Art Institute. The writer is personally acquainted with two, Mr. Millett and Mr. Henry, both Beaux-Arts men

of distinction and of wonderful talents, and the exhibition of the students' work at the Art Institute of former years was exceptionally strong and good. But one-half of the work shown here was not of sufficient merit to allow the author of it even the privilege of entering an Art School for study. Some exceptions to the above were the following: An oil, showing a lady seated before a mirror, called "Reverie," by Alice Cleaver; the drawing was good, the technique uncertain and undecisive, compo-

sition good, but the coloring wretched, the flesh tones that of the German school of forty years ago, none of the pure clear flesh tones so melting in subtle fluid transitions of genuine transparent color so eagerly sought by all the figure painters and portraitists of today; a style that has been evolved from the extreme impressionist who used bits of pure color. The rest of this picture was painted apparently with bitumen; dress, background and everything, only perhaps varied with asphaltum and vandyke brown, and the whole as if painted in some dingy cellar. "Reflections," by Alice Cleaver, was a good piece of drawing. The study of a man in profile, reading, by Bert D. Betts, which was good in drawing, but had no point of interest outside of this and had even more of the old brown Munich school of character of forty or fifty years ago than the "Reverie," which gives a very strong suspicion that these painters had studied solely under a very old German artist.

The sketch called "Blue and Silver," by Edward Timmon, was one of the redeeming features of the exhibit in that it was painted in a very direct manner and a surety of touch that gave a strong impression that the artist was sure of himself; also good in color and atmosphere. "Gray Reflections" by the same artist was another good example. "Trees," painted in gouache, by Jessie Arms, was strong and forceful, showing a mastery in handling gouache colors. "Willows on the Knoll" by the same artist was also good. "Streamlet," and "Gray Day," by Enoch Voquild, also in gouache, deserved attention. "Wind-blown Willows," by Dudley Crafts Watson, was good. "In Old Kentucky," by Martin Lundgren, and the "Old School House," by Chas. W. Dahlgren, showed some merit. "Daffodils," a water

color by Anna M. Newman, was very well rendered, drawing and color very good, technique excellent, showing the artist's mastery of her materials, also showing the artist's perfect grasp of the subject in hand. A pen and ink sketch of a woman seated, by Wm. E. Kinner, was an excellent piece of drawing, full of feeling and extremely well handled from the technician's point of view; it showed a clear understanding of the use, possibilities and limits in pen work; it gave a splendid exhibition of rendering shadows and tones by clear and decisive cross hatching, a style or expression of handling not much used today, but none the less charming and effective; and no doubt the reason that so few adopt this method today is because it takes a great deal more time, care and precision to execute and that a few false strokes ruin the whole drawing. A sketch of an Indian maiden seated on the floor, by E. A. Forsberg, deserves mention, though it was only a school drawing. "Summer Day," by Mordecai Rosenberg, painted in oil, had good atmosphere. Study of a nude woman in pastel, by E. R. Crampton, was good in drawing and color. "Cape Cod," in oil by Ada Bell Champlin, deserved attention. There was one miniature by Bessie H. Thrall that was well done from every point of view, and showed a great promise for the future for this artist in this line of work. An etching, by Alma Hewes, was well understood. A dry point, by Frederick M. Grant, also showed some understanding of this class of work. "Study in Brown," by Bessie H. Thrall, was fairly well drawn, and showed promise for the future. The balance of the work was so amateurish and poor as to make it impossible to discuss. Whatever the motive of the Art League, of Chicago, in sending such work out, it had one advantage for us, that of comparison with our own students in the various schools here, and proved most conclusively that our standard is much higher.

Mr. Judson's claim that the Art League was the founder of the new landscape school was surely a mistake. The proof of this exhibit is that these would-be artists from Chicago are a long way in the rear in the race for anything that might be termed art. As for any academy being the nucleus of our present school of American landscapists, it seems too much to say, as some of our recognized and most powerful and forceful landscapists, who have received honors at all important exhibitions, including the Paris Salon, and the Royal Academy, of London, are some who never took five minutes lesson in their lives and yet are leaders today, with hundreds of silent imitators and followers. It is really the powerful painters who have fought against old-fogyism, and academical set rules, and were strong enough to find a way out entirely alone and unaided. Take William Wendt, for instance, in our midst, a man of extraordinary force and strength, with a perfect knowledge of construction and composition in landscape painting, a thorough knowledge of chiaroscuro, a wonderful sense of color, and a perfection in rendering atmosphere that can only be gained by years of close study and intimate acquaintance with nature herself. There are of course a host of other strong men, but we are led to mention this painter from the fact that nearly all his works are sold in the Chicago market, and Mr. Wendt

was one of the jurors in the last exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago, showing by this honor, at the request of Chicago, their recognition of his wonderful powers in painting. What the Chicago student wants is to come out to California into the sunshine and amidst our wealth of flowers and see daylight, sunshine and color. We would be pleased to see the Art League exhibit something worth looking at and that we could enjoy.

Washington.—Intending exhibitors can secure entry cards for the second contemporary exhibition of American oil-paintings which will be held in the Corcoran Gallery on December 7th next, by addressing F. B. McGuire, the director.

The rich and sumptuous Museum of the Hispanic Society of America has opened up new quarters in New York near One Hundred Fifty-seventh street, West Side. This is also the home of the American Numismatic Society, and to all those intending to visit the East this summer it will prove of great interest, especially to students of literature and the arts of Spain, who will find an immense amount of splendid material and a great variety of subjects suitable for research work.

The spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in New York, has been of unusual interest this year. For some years past the power of the old academicians had dominated to such an extent that many would-be exhibitors were not countenanced because they had broken away from all Academical precepts and teachings, with the result that the existence of the Academy was beginning to totter on a very unstable base. Too great power very often makes a narrow conservatism which is the death blow to breadth and progression. A meeting was held by the more critical spirits to discuss this critical and serious situation, when it was moved to induce one of the prominent men connected with the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts to help them establish a better feeling and understanding; the requirements for the progressive spirit of the age. This was done, and resulted in a marvelous success. In fact the entries were so numerous this year that hundreds of works were compelled to be shut out solely through want of space, but not through lack of merit, as the present galleries could only accommodate 350. Many big men were represented, such as: John S. Sargent, Abbot Thayer, Horatio Walker, D. W. Tryon, Winslow Homer, J. J. Shannon, Liddons Mowbray, John La Farge, E. C. Tarbell (now ranked equal to Sargent, Shannon or Thayer). The eight were all represented, consisting of Robert Henri, John Sloan, Arthur B. Davies, Jonas Lie, Jerome Myers, George Bellows, Walter Granville Smith, and Robert David Cauley. Clinton Balmer exhibited and was spoken of as a New Jersey man, though he is an Englishman who came to this country about a year ago and who came to Los Angeles with the understanding of teaching at the Westlake School of Art, which he did for a very short time, returning to New York, where he is now making some headway. Those prominent in landscape were Emil Carlsen, Ben Foster, Walter Nettleton, Will S. Robinson, Frank de Haven,

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Arthur Parton, Charlotte B. Coman, and Frank W. Benson, though the latter is best known for figure work. Will S. Robinson was acknowledged to have made great strides of late and promises to be one of the coming great men in that branch. Frank de Haven's work seems to recall Julien Rix's method, which was always forceful and charming. Some of the other well known men were Luis Mora, Hugo Ballin, A. T. Schwartz, Louis Loeb, Hugh Breckenridge, Douglas Volk, Chas. W. Hawthorne, W. W. Gilchrist, Jr., Chas. H. Woodbury, Frederick J. Waugh, Paul King, DeWitt Parshall, Maria Oakley Dewing, Wilhelm Funk, W. T. Smedley, C. Y. Turner, John W. Alexander. The prizes were distributed as follows: The "Thomas B. Clarke" prize was awarded to Mr. Gauley for his "Tanagra;" the "Saltus Medal" to Mr. Tarbell for a portrait of "Dr. Leely of South College;" the "Inness Medal" to Granville Smith for the best landscape; and the Shaw Memorial prize to Lillian Genth for her painting called "The Lark;" this artist is a Philadelphian. The Hallgarten prizes went to the following: Ernest Lawson, for "Ice on the Hudson," to George Bellows for a "View on the North River," and to W. W. Gilchrist for his "Daughter and Doll."

One of the most interesting exhibitions this season was that held at the National

Arts Club of Advertising Art. It is too often that the presuming would-be artist sneers at one of his comperes who undertakes anything that savors of a commercial line in order to earn some ready cash; but the real truth is that the attempt to belittle and sneer at the one who does such work is that they have no ability to do it themselves, as it calls forth not only perfect drawing of a superior order and a great amount of strength and force to be exercised in the work, but also a genius for a decorative quality that nine painters out of ten do not possess. It is not generally known that many of the best and biggest men do advertising work. The exhibition at the National Arts Club of such work contained drawings by the following artists: Edward Penfield, Maxfield Parrish, Guernsey Moore, John Sheridan, W. J. Wildhack, Earl Horder, Louis Fancher, James Montgomery Flagg, Lucius Hitchcock, H. S. Benton, N. C. Wyeth, F. W. Gowdy, Leyendecker brothers, Walter Fawcett, Blendon Campbell, Kenyon Cox, Eugene Grasset and Lucien Metinet. This is an excellent showing of strong artists. Nearly all large concerns call upon the best men for designs, which they pay very handsomely for.

Frederick Keppel & Co., 4 East Thirtieth street, New York have a splendid exhibition of original sketches, etchings and

wood cuts by Jean Francois Millet, which will last until June 13th. This will form a great attraction to layman, artist and student, and will give all a greater insight to this powerful artist. This exhibition also contains some seventy etchings by twenty-five well-known American etchers.

William Macbeth of 450 Fifth avenue, New York, is having a special exhibition by American artists.

The National Society of Craftsmen, whose home is in the National Art Club Building, New York, is going to have a summer exhibition of the society's works in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, which will be under the supervision of J. William Fosdick, the vice-president.

The dinner announced for Mr. John La Farge's birthday, which was to have occurred at the National Art Club, has been deferred now until the fall. Due announcement will be given at that time.

The third International Congress for the Development of Drawing and Art teaching will be held in London during next August. A great many countries will be well represented, which will no doubt prove a still greater incentive for higher standards and further developments.

Autos and Autoists

BY JACK DENSHAM

And now for the great event of the year, the Rubber Men's picnic. I say the greatest event of the year, and I repeat it because this getting together of the whole bunch does more to make things run smoothly and bury petty differences than all the talk and diplomacy that could fill ten books, and a thousand phonographs. At the mystic hour of half past eight this (i.e. Saturday) morning there will be a mighty concourse of cars at the meeting of Main street and Broadway, just south of Tenth. There will be dealers and their friends, newspaper scribblers and their friends, rubber men and their attaches (note the distinction). All right, Franz Nelson, you gave me the idea, there will be everybody who owns a car and has sense enough to take the day off from business to go out and have the best time of their lives.

When the bunch gets ready they will leave in "a straggling line" for Santa Monica Canyon, and that same line will have the finest circus parade in the world skinned to a frazzle. Bill Ruess will take sixteen of his adherents in a two-cylinder Maxwell. Ralph Hamlin has had several "Sixes" fitted with seats in the place where the radiator ought to be, and has signed on with the commissary department to tote all the soft drinks required. I wonder if he will have room? Eh, what? Bill Vaughn has arranged a flag pole as an extension to the vertical crank shaft on a Northern, and the revolving flag pole will be a feature of the parade. Bill Batchelder, it is whispered, has been having a hard fight with his tailor and haberdasher over the new and brilliant costume with which he expects to dazzle all eyes. I have been shown plans and specifications, but do not feel myself technically able to do justice to the subject. Harmon Ryns has had a White fixed up in imitation of a yacht.

George Adair will be at the steering wheel, and Cap will sit by his seat with a sextant in his hands, taking sights as he goes along. Don Lee has contracted for a marvelous model of the Barlow Sanitarium, which he will carry on the hood of one of his famous "One-lungers." Shorty Maxwell has bought a pair of stilts so as to come up with the rest of the bunch, and judging from what I have seen of his practicing, he will be able to do some lively stunts. I understand that he has arranged to ride in the tool chest on Billy Ruess's machine. Earl Anthony has left word with the local Cupid at the Court-House that he will have a real honeymoon car for every couple that drops into the "festive bowline" that day. (Notice that festive bowline. A bowline is the easiest knot to untie known to nautical science). There will be all kinds of extravagances and topical ideas represented when that procession starts, and I cannot worry my brain trying to think them all out. If you want to know any more, come and see it.

There is no regular program of events; the best of all will be those that are not on the schedule. There will be the usual fat and thin men's races, the pie race, and the Coca-Cola drinking contest. There will be swimming races, and a baseball game with human bags that move around at will, a la Alice in Wonderland croquet game. There will be boxing matches in which anybody may challenge anybody else for a side bet of not less than thirteen cents a side. The challenged man must accept the challenge or be drownded in the ocean. Thus we shall have a lively bout between Bill Ruess, challenger, and John T. Bill, Jr. Charlie Gafes and Freddie Pabst will put up a fine exhibition, going one round to a fizzle. Oh, there will be one grand time, all right, and everybody is expected to

elect himself official jokesmith and fun maker for everybody else. Hurrah for Saturday the 23rd.

So we are to have another race meet. Good business. There are few things more exciting than watching the stripped autos flash around the track. Auto races have one great advantage over a horse race, and that is that the excitement is more prolonged, and the machines are far easier to distinguish than the colors worn by jockeys. There are few walkaways in short distance auto racing, and the winner is never known until the very last lap. There will be two days of this racing, starting on Decoration day, and continuing the following Sunday, May 30 and 31. Three of the most energetic workers on the row have been appointed on the committee of arrangements, Ralph Hamlin, J. S. Conwell, the new general manager of the Tourist factory, and A. J. Smith. These names are sufficient to insure a properly run meeting. Walter Hempel will be "chef de course," or whatever you call it, and football signal practice won't be in it when it comes to making the entries get in line on time. Fine business all around; let's all go out to the races and make the affair a huge success.

Talking about race meets, there is to be one in Portland, Or., on June 4 that should be a hummer. They have a kite-shaped track there that goes about seven laps to the hundred miles, and they are going to have two big races during the meet. One is a fifty-mile affair for all comers, and one hundred-mile ditto for dittos. Bill Batchelder has decided to put his new Stearns roadster in the hundred mile race, and one Fiery Dan will drive. The car is a duplicate of

the one entered in the Briarcliff race, and should give a mighty good account of itself. Dan is a good driver, a much better driver than most people suspect, and I am glad he has this chance to show what he can do. All Dan needs to do is to see that his machine is properly limbered and primed for the race, and I think he has a car that can win. For himself, I do not think he will take his hat off to anybody when it comes to taking the old hairpin turns at the greatest speed possible, and catching up to the schedule pace on the straight away in short time. Dan is a natural born driver, and I shall be very disappointed if he does not come back waving that five-hundred dollar cup over his head, or words to that effect. Go to it, you red-haired old pirate. Some day I hope to be able to say, "Dan Kuhl, why, I knew him before he made his great killing at Portland," etc., etc., ad lib.

But imagine what effect the arrival of Bill Batchelder will have on the web-footed inhabitants of the city by the Willamette. Can we jingle on the subject? Let us try.

The Rain-proof Beau Brummel.

Although in the south he is wonderfully clad,

To mention we cannot refrain,
The opposite costume Bill Batchelder has
To wear in the Oregon rain.

His hat will be covered with waterproof gloss,

While his collar and double-deck cuff
Will have an addition of beautiful white
And indelible waterproof stuff.

His feet will be eased in two well-fitting shoes,

Designed to defy all the wet,
And the Portlanders all will say "he's a dude,

And a waterproof dude, you may bet."

But under the waterproof clothing you'll find
The body and heart of a sport,
And when he has left the Willamette behind,

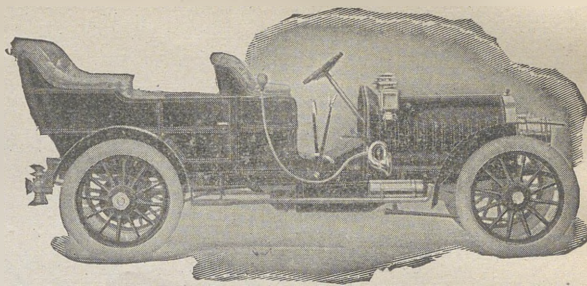
They will name him a jolly good sort.

As a matter of fact, it is not so much the clothes Bill wears as the way he wears 'em, and, believe me, if we all had that "je ne sais quoi" of being equally at home on Bond street or Broadway as on the Rue de la Paix, Los Angeles would be a very much more attractive place.

Buy the May number of Motor Field, published in Denver, and look at page 25. There you will find the cleverest motor cartoon I have ever seen. It seems that there is a wily artist in the sulphur fume city who calls himself "Doc Bird." His real name is Frank Finch, but he represents himself in the corner of his drawings as a miniature gosling, hence the "bird" cognomen. The cartoon I speak of is in reference to the Denver show, and it represents an array of faces captioned after different makes of cars. The top line shows the faces of the drivers of the light touring car, the seven-seater touring car, the ninety-horse-power racer, and so on. Below we have "Hit a chicken," "Hit a dog," "Noise like a motor cop," "Got a puncture," "Repairing puncture," "Late for dinner," "Made up time," and finally "Everything lovely." It is very clever, indeed, and the drawings are more than worth cutting out and

keeping.

I had a very entertaining and instructive talk with A. P. Fleming the other day. I came in contact with him on the subject of the promotion of the San Pedro to Honolulu yacht race, and I found him to be a very able and energetic booster. Mr. Fleming, as you may know, is secretary of the Harbor Commission, and here was a subject on which we could meet on level ground. To use a vulgar expression, we are both "nuts" on the subject. As far as I can remember, this is what Mr. Fleming said, and it is well worth paying attention to: "The good roads proposition is closely associated with San Pedro Harbor, and the coming utility of commercial auto-vehicles. Take a look at this map, and you will see what I mean. We have the shoestring strip that reaches to the outer confines of the inner harbor. When the government has properly designed the limitations of the harbor and the ownership of the various tide lands that now roam around under the guidance of the Bannings, when we have the turning basin all dredged and wharves around the bight to the westward of the trestles, when deep-water ships can unload alongside wharves that are in Los Angeles, then our local merchants will have the chance to snap their fingers at railroad rates, if they have a good road leading from the land side of the wharves to Los Angeles. The commercial auto truck is finding itself rapidly. Every day we hear



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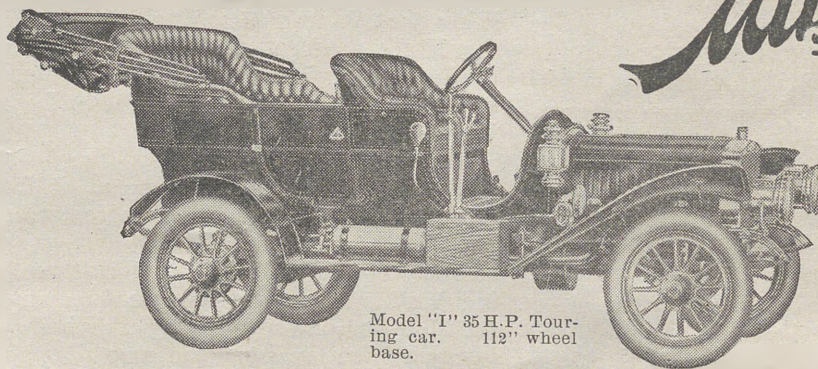
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of some improvement, and they have it down to a point now where horseless trucks can be relied on not to break down when running on anything like a good road. Imagine what it means for a large wholesaler who has a heavy consignment at San Pedro if he has a few sturdy trucks to carry his freight and a good road for the trucks to run over. The ship disgorges into the wharves, and his trucks lay alongside, and take the freight off the tackles. Then they get under way and arrive in Los Angeles in less than three hours. The freight is taken out of the trucks at the warehouse landing, and sorted by the freight clerk. This has saved at least forty hours in time, and I don't know how much

in expense. There is no moving of freight from wharf to railroad car, from railroad car to horse truck, and then from truck to landing. Instead of moving freight four times, one has to handle it only twice, and that in the easiest and cheapest way possible. What, I ask you, would the merchants of Los Angeles care about river-bed franchises and Southern Pacific freight rates from San Pedro to Los Angeles if they had a line of trucks packing the stuff up here over the P. D. and Q. line at a nominal expense? You know what the answer is.

"Now as to the making of the road, I believe that macadam is going to be the material of the future. Oiled roads are heavy, as also is asphalt, and the latter requires a deep bed of concrete beneath it to be efficient. Macadam is elastic, and is easy on all kinds of vehicles. Then again, macadam is easily repaired. In Europe they have stacks of broken stone along the roads, and when a hole appears, it is very easily filled up with a little stone and gravel. The arrondissement, or country council steam roller makes its weekly rounds, and levels all the filled-in places. When we have a good macadam road between here and San Pedro, with money for repairs, then we shall have a big market for auto-trucks and a cinch on the railroads that would hold up rates between here and the harbor."

Now I may not have quoted Mr. Fleming's exact words, but I believe that I have caught the sense of his talk and a wonderfully sensible talk at that. I have his permission to quote him, and I am going to ask him to write something on the subject, and let me run it in my column. Here is something that is worth looking into, and that should claim a hold on the interests of every business man in Southern California. If it were not vandalism to do so, I would jingle on the subject.

The Great Smith is making a hit for itself in the Rawhide part of the desert. Paul Renton had a letter from I. O. Arms, who recently bought a Smith for desert use, saying that the car is hitting only a few of the high places, and pleasing everybody who wants to get there and be sure of arriving before the hash hammer sounds. There is no better gauge of the worth of a car than its work in the desert, and I am glad to hear that Mr. Renton's energetic boosting of his wares has resulted so satisfactorily.

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Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, STOCKS AND BONDS, 301 UNION TRUST BUILDING

The big bull market in standard securities predicted since the financial cyclone of last October is here, and standard securities are booming. Oil stocks of merit appear to have first call, with the good industrials a close second, and the bank stocks close behind.

Union Oil is selling close to \$235, with the market almost cleaned up of stock at that price. At \$240 several large lots are ready to come out, so that I am of the opinion that the stock is not to be pegged much if any above that figure.

The Edisons are firm around \$75, with the common between five and ten points behind. And the Los Angeles Home stock and bonds appear to be gathering firmness, in spite of calamity howling by the leading spirits in the company. Home preferred at \$50 looks attractive. There appears to be considerable professional manipulation in Los Angeles Home preferred recently.

Bank stocks do not climb as they should, owing to causes that need not be enumerated here. The standard issues continue an attractive investment at present prices.

Bonds generally are firmer, and money continues easy at 7½ and 8 per cent. for

short, and 7 and 7½ per cent. for ordinary loans.

The net results of the State Bankers' convention at Pasadena are recommendations:

1. That the present State Banking Commission be abolished and as a substitute the Governor appoint a State Controller of Banking.

2. That Clearing House districts be established throughout the State, and that each clearing house district choose a bank examiner.

Officers of the California Bankers' Association for the coming year are: President, Joseph D. Radford, vice-president of the

German American Savings Bank of Los Angeles; vice-president, H. S. Fletcher, president of the Bank of Watsonville; treasurer, J. J. Fagan, vice-president of the Crocker National Bank of San Francisco; secretary, R. M. Welch, assistant cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, San Francisco; assistant secretary, F. H. Coburn, 502 California street, San Francisco. Members of the executive council, terms to expire in 1911: Charles A. Smith, Security Savings

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Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc. 2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange 4,302,876.44

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits 1,496,163.29
Circulation 1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed 145,000.00
Deposits 11,873,825.50
Other liabilities 500,000.00

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, California, April 16, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Gillon, of Los Angeles, California, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11025, made March 1, 1906, for the S.E. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, California, on June 11th, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: J. W. F. Diss, David D. Partin, John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, Cal.; G. G. Bundy, John U. Henry, Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 9-5t. Date of first publication May 9-08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., April 16-08.

Notice is hereby given that James R. Shaw, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11097, made April 30, 1906, for the Lot 1, Sec. 34, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sec. 35, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on June 19, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Stephen Strong, Ray Strong, Norwalk, Cal.; F. R. Miner, Santa Monica, Cal.; S. A. Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 9-5t Date of first publication May 9-08.

Bank, Oakland; A. E. Edwards, First National Bank of Pasadena; C. F. Hunt, London, Paris and American Bank of San Francisco. W. H. High, manager of the International Banking Association of San Francisco was elected to the council to fill the unexpired term of H. S. Fletcher, promoted to vice-president.

Gilbert Beesemyer, assistant cashier of the Hollywood National Bank, was married recently to Miss Matilda Fischer of Hollywood.

The First National Bank of Colton will soon move to new and larger quarters.

A proposition is under consideration to consolidate the Home Savings and Manhattan Savings banks. The Home has a paid-in capital of \$200,000, and deposits of \$700,000; the Manhattan has a paid-in capital of \$50,000, and \$90,000 in deposits.

Newton J. Skinner, who was formerly an officer of the Bank of Southern California, will launch his new bank, "The All Day and Night Bank," on May 25.

Bonds

The Brawley School district, Imperial county, votes June 2 on an issue of \$25,000.

Elsinore will soon vote on a bond issue of \$7,000, the money to be used to take over the plant of the Electric Light and Power Company.

Long Beach citizens, in mass meeting, have requested that a school bond election of \$43,000 be held.

Huntington Park will sell \$3500 of municipal bonds on May 25.

The Los Angeles county supervisors will sell the \$60,000 issue of the Glendale Union High School district on June 1.

Monrovia votes June 1 on an issue of \$10,000 school bonds.

Calexico school district, Imperial county, votes May 29 on an issue of \$10,000.

The \$16,000 issue of the West Glendale school district will be sold by the supervisors of Los Angeles county on June 1.

San Bernardino (city) votes on \$110,000 street improvement bonds on June 10.

Bonds of the Victorville school district, San Bernardino county, in the amount of \$2,500 will be sold by the San Bernardino supervisors on June 22.

The city council of Orange has declined to submit to vote a proposition to issue \$40,000 in bonds for a municipal gas plant in that place.

The Los Angeles Trust Company has bought the \$16,000 bond issue of the Miramonte school district, paying \$120 premium.

The Reynolds-Stein Company meets June 10 to decide upon the issuance of \$25,000 bonds.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 31, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Richard P. Hanson, of Sherman, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the S.E. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, of Section No. 13, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 20 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 9th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Thomas J. Moffett and Perry W. Cottler of Sherman, Cal.; Marion Decker and Ernest Decker of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Apl.4-10t—Date of first publication Apl.4-08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Florence M. Mattingly, of 217 W. Avenue 37, Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 3 and 4, and E. 1/2 of S. E. 1/4, of Section No. 11, in Township No. 2 N., Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Thursday, the 21st day of May, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Ferd Tetzlaff, Fred Graves, Ramona Miranda, Frank Miranda, all of Chatsworth, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 21st day of May, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

March 21-9t—Date of first publication, March 21-08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 19, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory, as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Charles E. Gillon, of Santa Monica, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement for the purchase of the lot No. 4 of Section 33, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 18 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Wednesday, the 10th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: J. W. F. Diss, John Schumacher, D. D. Parten, of Santa Monica, Cal.; A. W. Marsh, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Apl.4-9t Date of first publication Apl.4, '08.

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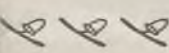
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